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ARTICLE I.

Fingal: An Antient Epic Poem. In Six Books. Together with several other Poems, composed by Ossian, the Son of Fingal. Translated from the Galic Language. By James Macpherson. 4to. Pr. 12s. Becket and Hondt.

FROM the Highland fragments that were published some time ago, our expectations were raised very high in favour of this work, promised by the same editor, who, in our opinion, has amply fulfilled his engagements with the public.

If the bad writers of the age, who have smarted from the strictures of the Critical Review, had any idea of the pleasure we feel in perusing a work of extraordinary merit, they would groan under a double load of mortification; because in that case they would be deprived of the consolation to which every repulsed author has recourse; the kind supposition that his performance was damned by those only who are actuated by rancour, envy, and malevolence. The piece before us abounds with such poetical images, such flights of fancy, such interesting characters, pathetic touches, and sublime sentiments, as cannot fail to excite the admiration of taste, while they wake the soul of sensibility.

Before we enter into the merits of the poem itself, it may be necessary to observe that the work is elegantly printed in quarto, with a frontispiece, well engraved by Taylor, from a drawing of Wale, representing the venerable bard Ossian, with his flowing beard, deprived of eyesight, and oppressed with age, sitting under a tree on which his harp is suspended. He is wrapt in a poetical vision: on his right hand appears his daughter-in-law, the fair Malvina, leaning on a rock, in the attitude of listening to the exploits of her dear departed husband Oscar, which his

father takes pleasure in rehearsing : on his left hand, the spirits of his father Fingal, his son, his brothers, friends, and ancestors, are seen hovering in the clouds, seemingly pleased to hear their own praise recited.—This, at least, we take to be the nature of the design.

In the preface the ingenious translator gives us to understand, that at the request of some persons of rank and taste in North-Britain, he had made a tour through the Highlands and western isles, in order to recover what remained of the works of the old bards, especially those of Ossian, the son of Fingal, the best and most antient poet whom tradition hath handed down to posterity. He succeeded so well in this expedition, that by the assistance of several gentlemen in the Highlands, he was enabled to complete the Epic poem of Fingal, the subject of which is the delivery of Ireland from the Danes by the valour of the Scottish king Fingal, who flourished in the third century. Mr. Macpherson justly remarks, this poem is so little interlarded with fable, that one cannot help thinking it the genuine history of Fingal's expedition ; in which case, the compositions of Ossian are not less valuable for the light they throw on the antient state of Scotland and Ireland, than they are for their poetical merit. He vindicates the glory of his own country, in producing such heroes as Fingal and Ossian, whom the Irish bards have celebrated as natives of that island. He concludes his preface with a very agreeable hint of intelligence, that a gentleman in the north of Scotland, who has thoroughly examined the antiquities of this island, and is perfectly acquainted with all the branches of the Celtic tongue, will soon publish a work on that subject.

The preface is followed by a dissertation, concerning the antiquity of Ossian's poems, on which the editor has displayed a considerable share of sagacity and erudition. He rejects the story of Ireland's being peopled from Gallicia. He quotes Diodorus Siculus to prove that the inhabitants of that island were originally Britons ; and is of opinion, that even the northern extremities of Great Britain were peopled by those nations of the Celtæ, who first transmigrated from the nearest continent of Gaul. Some of these conjectures, however, are liable to objections. If we may believe the British historians, Nennius and Gildas, different parts of Ireland were peopled at different times from different parts of Great Britain, and these different colonies differed in manners, customs, and language. That the old Irish, and the Highland Scots, were originally the same people, appears from the conformity in the language of the two nations, which is precisely the same, with a little variation in point

point of dialect : but it is as certain, that this language is altogether unintelligible to the Welsh, who speak the pure tongue that was used by their ancestors, the inhabitants of South Britain. It must be owned there is a similitude in a great number of words belonging to these two languages ; but this resemblance is extremely fallacious, and, indeed, may be found in all the languages both antient and modern. We are therefore surpris'd to see Pezron giving a meagre catalogue of words, to prove the affinity between the Greek and the Celtic ; for a man of industry and ingenious conjecture might, we apprehend, derive every word of the one language from some root of the other.

For example : *Caracalla*, which Mr. Macpherson seems to think, comes from *Carac buil*, an Irish word, signifying *terrible eye*, may as naturally be derived from *Καρακαλλον*, *pulcrum caput*. Dio Cassius, indeed, expressly says, *Καρακαλλος* was the name of a garment worn by the barbarians, *τινα ἱδραν ἐνδύειν*, *Βαρβαρικῶς*, &c. which garment the son of Severus affected to wear, and even introduced among his troops ; a circumstance from which he was denominated *Caracalla*. Others say it was a kind of hood, or cap ; and if so, the Greek epithet *Καρακαλλος* would be extremely proper to signify an ornament to the head. The resemblance to the Greek may be seen in many other words, both British and Irish ; such as *Caratacus* to *Κερατακκος*, a javelin of horn, alluding to the antient darts and arrows tipped with horn. *Galgacus*, to *Χαλκακκος*, a javelin of brass ; an epithet not improperly bestowed upon a warrior. *Ver-gobrothus*, the appellation given to the temporary king, whom the antient Britons elected in the beginning of every war, may very probably come, as our translator supposes, from the Celtic words *Fer-gu-breth*, the man to judge : yet an etymologist, without much straining, might extract it from the Greek words *εὐεργοβριθυς*, signifying, one who well performs an important work, *εὐ bene*, *εργον*, *opus*, and *βριθυς*, *gravis*. In like manner we may derive the famous Hyperborean philosopher *Abaris*, supposed to have been a Highlander, celebrated by Herodotus, Diodorus Siculus, Jamblychus, and Porphyry ; his name, we say, may be derived from the Greek words *αβαρις*, or *αβαρυς*, the one implying a native of the continent, the other, a man of a good temper, from *alpha*, privation, and *βαρυς*, *gravis*, or molestia. Such a similarity may be discovered in almost all the personages of this noble Celtic poem. *Fingal*, from *Φαιναλως*, *pulchre splendens*, gloriously shining ; *Ossian*, or *Ósian*, from *ὡς σκια*, *ut socius*, as a companion, alluding to the bards by whom the chief was always accompanied. By the same way of reasoning, the Isle of Sky, called in these poems the *Isle of*

Mist, may be so denominated from *Σκία*, *umbra*, a shadow : thus also we might bring the fair *Gealchoffa* from *Γαλχεσσα*, *lacfundens*, milk pouring, a very proper epithet for a maiden of rank in those times of simplicity. To these instances we shall only add the dogs *Brann*, from *Βρεντιον*, *caput cer-vi*, hind head ; and *Luath*, from *Λυω*, *solvō*, to let loose ; or from *Λαω*, *lavo*, to take the water.

These specimens we exhibit, to shew how little towards the clearing up of antient history, can be depended upon a similarity of sounds and expression. We cannot think the northern parts of Britain remained without inhabitants, until they were peopled from the south, by the posterity of those *Celtæ* who came from the opposite coast of Gaul. The north of Scotland seems to have been first visited from the isles of Zetland and Orkney, which belonged to the Danes ; and the very subject of this poem proves, that there was a very early intercourse by shipping, between Denmark and Scotland. In reading the antient histories of Denmark and Sweden, such as Saxo Grammaticus and Loccenius, one perceives a very strong resemblance between the old Danes and the old Scots, in manners, disposition, and even in language, though the Danish is the Teutonic, which hath been supposed quite different from the Celtic. In process of time they certainly differed ; and this alteration was owing to corruption, mixture, and adoption in a succession of ages and dialects : but as both nations came from the same country, Tartary, called the *Officina Gentium*, their language might be originally the same. It is very probable, therefore, that the country now called Scotland, was peopled from the north of Europe before the Gauls, who settled in South Britain, were under any necessity to send colonies beyond the Tweed or the Forth : that the Hebrides, and north-west extremities of Britain, were first possessed by the Danes or Norwegians, by the way of Shetland and the Orkneys ; and the more eastern parts by German adventurers from the mouth of the Weser, according to the tradition of the country. On that supposition, Tacitus is not mistaken in supposing that the Caledonians were descended from the Germans. Mr. Macpherson, however, seems to be mistaken in calling Fingal and his people Caledonians. Mr. Innes has, we think, plainly demonstrated that the *Caledones*, inhabiting beyond the Frith of Forth, were a distinct people from the Scots, who occupied Argyleshire and the western Islands ; and that these two nations joined as allies against the *Meatæ*, or Britons, who lived under the protection of the Romans, in the country extending from the wall of Severus in Northumberland, to the wall of Antoninus, between the rivers Forth and Clyde ; and whose capital was Alcluyth or Dun-

Dunbritton. It appears in some of the poems annexed to Fingal, that this wall of Antoninus, built by Lollius Urbicus, was frequently attacked; and this town of Alcluyth, called by the Scots Ballycluytha, more than once pillaged by the incursions of Fingal and his posterity.

The ingenious translator proceeds to account for the authenticity of these poems, and explains the manner in which, without the help of letters, they were handed down to posterity by tradition in the songs of the bards, whose province it was to learn them by rote, and rehearse them at festivals. The poetical compositions of the times were admirably adapted for the method of rehearsing. They were set to music; and every verse was so connected with what preceded and followed it, that if one line was remembered, it was almost impossible to forget the rest of the stanza. The cadences followed in so natural a gradation, and the words were so well suited to the turn of the voice, after it is raised to a certain key, that it was very difficult, from a similarity of sound, to substitute one word for another. This excellence is peculiar to the Celtic tongue, which is rendered very copious, by the numerous flexions of its consonants, and its variation and declension.

Mr. Macpherson speaks very modestly of himself in the character of translator, and fairly answers the objections which have been made to the authenticity of the poems by some hypercritics, who alledge the whole is his own composition. Waving all the genuine marks of antiquity, that appear in every page, and the appeals he makes to those natives of Scotland who have heard them repeated occasionally from their cradle; we will venture to say, that this suspicion is the highest compliment that can be paid to the editor's genius and self-denial. Last year he published proposals for printing by subscription the originals, in order to convince the critics of their authenticity; but as no subscription was received, he took it for granted that the public required no such testimonies: nevertheless, he still intends to print the originals, or, at least, to deposit copies of them in some public library. These poems are translated, neither into rhyme, or blank verse; yet the translation is melodious, abounding with a variety of agreeable cadences, and animated with a true poetical spirit, so that we perceive in every line the——*Disjuncti membra Poetæ.*

This epic poem does not take up one half of the book, and celebrates only one action of Fingal, king of Mordven, or the Highlands of Scotland. The subject of it is, as we have already observed, the deliverance of Ireland. Swaran, king of Lochlin or Scandinavia, having invaded Ireland during the minority of Cormac, sovereign of that island, his guardian Cu-

chullin, a native of Skye, assembles the Irish troops near Tura, a castle on the coast of Ulster, and gives battle to the Danish invader. After some turns of fortune he is intirely defeated; and Ireland must have been enslaved, had not Fingal, whose aid Cuchullin had solicited before the arrival of the Dane, failed to the assistance of Cormac, vanquished the enemy, and expelled them from that country. The war is finished in six days; and the scene continues all that time on the heath of Lena, near a mountain called Cromleach in Ulster.

It would be as absurd to examine this poem by the rules of Aristotle, as it would be to judge a Lapland jacket by the fashion of an Armenian gaberline. Some critics, more attached to the form than to the spirit of poetry, have condemned Ariosto because he deviated from the established rules of the Stagyrite; and others have as strenuously asserted, that he had a right to invent a new species of composition.

—————*Pictoribus atque poetis*
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

Without all doubt, if the poetry is agreeable, the poet has a natural right to choose the manner in which it shall be presented. If the liquor be delicious in taste and flavour, what matters it, whether it is offered in a plain conch shell, or a cup of agat sparkling with gems. If Ariosto was held excused for neglecting the laws of the epopœa, as explained by Aristotle, with which he was certainly well acquainted; surely it cannot be criminal in a Scottish bard to compose differently from a critic, whose works he could not possibly know. Nevertheless, this admirable piece will, even according to Aristotle's definition, be found a truly epic poem, and (under correction be it spoken) in many places superior even to Homer and Virgil. It is so far an epic poem, as it celebrates and records the actions of heroes; as the subject is great, single and intire, *περὶ μίαν πράξιν, ὅλην καὶ τελείαν*.—In this it has the advantage of both the Iliad and the Æneid; for here the action is complete. It has the narrative mixed with the dramatic, manners or characters, episodes, and changes of fortune; and if it has not all the variety of Homer, it is more perfect in unity than the Iliad itself. In this particular Aristotle would give it the preference; as he expressly says, *Τὸ γὰρ ἀθροώτερον, ἢ ἴδιον ἢ πολλῶ κεκραμένον τῷ χρόνῳ*; for the more restricted is pleasanter than that which includes a mixture, or length of time. The reason is plain; that the memory should not be tired, nor the imagination distracted.

With respect to the execution, our Celtic poem, so far as we can judge, is inferior to none extant. The characters are marked,

marked, and maintained with strength and propriety: the metaphors are bold, the similes apt and beautiful, the images striking, the sentiments noble, and the moral refined. Of the measure we can say nothing, as being ignorant of the original from whence it is translated: but the work abounds with many instances of the sublime; and the pathetic occurs so often, that we will defy any person of sensibility to read three succeeding pages of it, without feeling strong emotions of tenderness and admiration.

In some particulars it may seem, in the critic's eye, a little defective. It is not so dramatic as Homer and Virgil, It is introduced without invocation; and it is carried on without the help of machinery, that is, the interposition of the gods. The sensible translator observes, that the epocha of this action is previous to the knowledge of Christianity in Scotland: that the religion of the Druids was in disgrace at this period with Ossian the poet, because they had constantly opposed the hereditary right of succession in the family of Fingal his father; a circumstance that may account for his total silence with respect to religious rites and ceremonies: that, moreover, it was the custom of the antient bards to avoid all religious allusions in their prophane poems: and as to machinery, the notions of heroism were so delicate among the Scots of those days, that they would have considered an immediate interposition of any divinity, as a circumstance derogatory from the glory of their achievements. Indeed, after all the pains which the critics have taken to justify the gods of Homer; and in spite of the magnificence and sublimity with which the poet has described their councils and their conduct; we think, upon the whole, they served only to outrage probability; to detract from the principal characters of the poem; to disgrace the religion of Greece; and corrupt the morals of mankind.

It has been assigned as one reason for the dearth of epic poetry among the moderns, that the Christian religion admits of no machinery: but this we affirm is not the case. We have our angels, saints, dæmons, genii or fairies, oracles, predictions, portents, miracles, and sorceries, productive of as great a variety of poetical machines, as the whole mythology of the ancients could afford. But if these helps were intirely wanting, we see in this example of Fingal, that an epic poem of consummate merit may be finished without such extraneous assistance. True it is, Ossian has frequent recourse to the spirits of departed heroes, who make their appearance in different parts of his poem; but these are not the incidents which recommend themselves the most strongly to the reader's approbation. That particular which, of all others, will be the most apt to excite the

admiration, and command the applause, is the generous humanity of heart, which distinguishes the principal personages of this amazing performance. That in those times of barbarity, before the mind was extended by cultivation, or the heart softened by the precepts and examples of true religion, a race of heroes should appear on the desert hills of Scotland, endued with all the tenderness and delicacy of human nature; is a circumstance that even transcends the ordinary mounds of credibility. It is a circumstance, in which, we will be bold to say, the Celtic bard Ossian has far excelled, not only his blind brother Mæonides of Greece, but also the mild, civilized, and sentimental Mantuan.—The editor, therefore, might have, with great propriety, assumed the motto,

Cedite Romani scriptores, cedite Graii!

The chief characters of Homer and Virgil are generally mere barbarians, actuated by the most brutal revenge, who insult their antagonists even in the article of death. Agamemnon is imperious and insolent; Achilles fiery, puerile, vindictive, mercenary, and inhuman; Ulysses distinguished by low cunning; Diomed by cruelty and arrogance; and Ajax Telamonius by stupid ferocity. There is not, to the best of our remembrance, in the whole Grecian camp one hero of an amiable character. Virgil, indeed, throws a dash of humanity into the character he celebrates,—*parcere subjectis, & debellare superbos*. But it must be owned at the same time, that Æneas, with all his piety, slew the gallant Turnus lying defenceless; prostrate at his feet, and imploring his mercy in the most pathetic supplication.

—————*Miseri te si qua parentis
Tangere cura potest; oro, (fuit & tibi talis
Anchises genitor) Dauni miserere senectæ!*

There is no great variety in the families which occur in the poem of Fingal; but at the same time we must allow there is nothing in them mean, trivial, or obscure: on the contrary, they are often noble and sublime; alluding to the most magnificent objects of nature; the sun, moon, and stars, lightning, meteors and thunder, seas and whales, rivers, torrents, cataracts, clouds, whirlwinds, storms, snow, rain, mist, trees and forests. Once or twice we meet with a simile drawn from the appearance of wild fowl; and two or three alluding to the hammering of iron. But there is not the least reference to any other mechanical art, except those that necessity must have invented in the first ages of mankind; nor to corn, nor sheep, nor even to black cattle. Neither has the bard mentioned beasts, or birds of prey; such as wolves and foxes, eagles, hawks, &c: and what is still more surprising, considering the climate,

climate, there is but one allusion to frost and ice, which would have furnished a number of fine similes for an epic poem. The want of variety in this particular is a genuine mark of the poem's authenticity, of its having been composed in the age of simplicity, before the mind was stored with a great number of ideas. The scene is altogether wild and romantic, generating a silent attention in the mind, and preparing the imagination for extraordinary events : an extended heath, with deer feeding at a distance ; a rock with a prospect of the sea ; a dusky mountain ; a misty vale ; a verdant hill ; a torrent, a river, and a fountain ; a waving wood, a solitary oak, and the moss-clad tomb of a warrior. These are the landscapes presented to the fancy, through the whole course of the poem, which the translator hath enriched and illustrated with a great number of notes, explaining the customs and manners of the times, and pointing out parallel passages in Homer and Virgil.

The abrupt manner in which the poem begins, has a good effect.

*Semper ad eventum festinat ; et in medias res
Non secus ac notas, auditorem rapit.*

‘ Cuchullin sat by Tura’s wall ; by the tree of the rustling leaf.—His spear leaned against the mossy rock. His shield lay by him on the grass. As he thought of mighty Carbar, a hero whom he slew in war ; the scout of the ocean came Moran, the son of Fithil.

‘ Rise, said the youth, Cuchullin, rise ; I see the ships of Swaran. Cuchullin, many are the foe : many the heroes of the dark rolling sea.

‘ Moran ; replied the blue-eyed chief, thou ever tremblest, son of Fithil : thy fears have much increased the foe. Perhaps it is the king of the lonely hills coming to aid me on green Ulin’s plains.

‘ I saw their chief, says Moran, tall as a rock of ice. His spear is like that blasted fir. His shield like the rising moon. He sat on a rock on the shore : like a cloud of mist on the silent hill.—Many, chief of men ! I said, many are our hands of war.—Well art thou named, the Mighty Man, but many mighty men are seen from Tura’s walls of wind.—He answered, like a wave on a rock, who in this land appears like me ? Heroes stand not in my presence : they fall to earth beneath my hand. None can meet Swaran in the fight but Fingal, king of stormy hills. Once we wrestled on the heath of Malmor, and our heels overturned the wood. Rocks fell from their place ; and rivulets, changing their course, fled murmuring

muring from our strife. Three days we renewed our strife, and heroes stood at a distance and trembled. On the fourth, Fingal says, that the king of the ocean fell; but Swaran says, he stood. Let dark Cuchullin yield to him that is strong as the storms of Malmor.

‘No: replied the blue-eyed chief, I will never yield to man. Dark Cuchullin will be great or dead. Go, Fithil’s son, and take my spear: strike the sounding shield of Cabait. It hangs at Tura’s rustling gate; the sound of peace is not its voice. My heroes shall hear on the hill.

‘He went and struck the bossy shield. The hills and their rocks replied. The sound spread along the wood: deer start by the lake of roes. Curach leapt from the sounding rock; and Connal of the bloody spear. Crugal’s breast of snow beats high. The son of Favi leaves the dark-brown hind. It is the shield of war, said Ronnar, the spear of Cuchullin, said Lugar. —Son of the sea put on thy arms! Calmar, lift thy sounding steel! Puno! horrid hero, rise: Cairbar from thy red tree of Cromla. Bend thy white knee, O Eth; and descend from the streams of Lena. —Ca-olt stretch thy white side as thou movest along the whistling heath of Mora: thy side that is white as the foam of the troubled sea, when the dark winds pour it on the murmuring rocks of Cuthon.’

In this book we find the interesting episode of Cathbat and Duchomar, together with the following similies, which are truly sublime.

‘As rushes a stream of foam from the dark shady steep of Cromla; when the thunder is rolling above, and dark-brown night on half the hill. So fierce, so vast, and so terrible rushed on the sons of Erin. The chief, like a whale of ocean, whom all his billows follow, poured valour forth as a stream, rolling his might along the shore.’

Ossian, like Homer, abounds with compound epithets, and that of blue-eyed, or *γλαυκῶπις*, frequently occurs. We likewise find dark rolling waves; white-armed, analagous to the epithet *λευκολῆνη*, given by Homer to Helen: high-maned, broad-breasted, high-headed, far-leaping, strong-hoofed; this last equivalent to the *ποδάρχη* of Homer; as the high-maned resembles the *καλλιτρικας ἵππος* of Achilles.

The generosity of Cuchullin is very interesting, when he sends an invitation to his enemy Swaran, to feast with him after the first battle.

‘Is this feast spread for me alone and the king of Lochlin on Ullin’s shore; far from the deer of his hills, and sounding halls of

of his feasts? Rise, Carril of other times, and carry my words to Swaran; tell him from the roaring of waters, that Cuchullin gives his feast. Here let him listen to the sound of my groves amidst the clouds of night.—For cold and bleak the blustering winds rush over the foam of his seas. Here let him praise the trembling harp, and hear the songs of heroes.’

We often meet with descriptions, in which the sound ecchoes to the sense. This is a beauty remarkable in the Celtic language, and the editor has preserved it in the translation as much as the English language would permit. ‘Steel clanging founded on steel; helmets are cleft on high; blood bursts and smoaks around; strings murmur on the polished yews’—the sound of the bowstring is commonly expressed in English poetry, by the word *twanging*; but this does not imply the vibrating sound or hum, so remarkable in this line of the Iliad,

Δεινὴ δὲ κλαγγὴ γένετ’ ἀργυρέοιο Βιοῖο.

The Ionic dialect is very favourable in the sound of this line, and is often used by Homer in the genitive, terminating in *οιο* *.

After the first battle with Swaran Cuchullin feasts upon the heath, and the bard Carril rehearses the episode of Cairbar and Grudar.

In the second book Connal, forewarned by the ghost of Cru-gal, endeavours to dissuade Cuchullin from hazarding another battle; but he rejects his reasons with disdain, preferring honourable death to infamous retreat, and in the morning advances against the king of Lochlin.

‘Then dismal, roaring, fierce, and deep the gloom of battle rolled along; as mist that is poured on the valley, when storms invade the silent sun-shine of heaven. The chief moves before in arms, like an angry ghost before a cloud; when meteors inclose him with fire; and the dark winds are in his hand.—Carril, far on the heath, bids the horn of battle sound. He raises the voice of the song, and pours his soul into the minds of heroes.’

What can be more pathetically described than the fate of Caolt. ‘His white breast is stained with blood; and his yellow

* The flexibility and energy of the Greek language, is remarkably seen in the derivatives of the word *κλαγγή*, to make a noise. *Κλαγγή* expresses the twang of the bowstring; and the first aorist, *εκλαγγαν*, ecchoes finely to the noise of armour falling:

His arms around him, rattled as he fell.

hair

hair stretched in the dust of his native land. He often had spread the feast where he fell ; and often raised the voice of the harp ; when his dogs leapt around for joy ; and the youths of the chace prepared the bow.'

Cuchullin, notwithstanding his great prowess, is overpowered, and retiring disconsolate, passes the night by the side of a stream, where he imputes his misfortune to his guilt in having slain his friend in single combat. He relates the story, which is extremely affecting ; and the bard Carril rehearſes another incident of the same kind, which happened to Connal, who slew the friend he loved ; yet victory attended him in the sequel.

The mind of the reader is artfully prepared for the appearance of Fingal, the hero of the poem, and the expectation raised in a manner suitable to the dignity and importance of his character. Towards the end of the second book he is thus announced ;

' Now on the rising side of Cromla stood Erin's few sad sons ; like a grove through which the flame had rushed hurried on by the winds of the stormy night.—Cuchullin stood beside an oak. He rolled his red eye in silence, and heard the wind in his bushy hair ; when the scout of ocean came, Moran, the son of Fithil.—The ships, he cried, the ships of the lonely isle ! There Fingal comes the first of men, the breaker of the shields. The waves foam before his black prows. His masts with sails are like groves in clouds.'

Carril begins the third book with a song, celebrating the achievements of Fingal in Lochlin, where he would have fallen by the treachery of king Starno, had not that prince's daughter Agandecca, who had conceived a passion for him, informed him of the plot laid for his destruction. He took vengeance on the traitors ; but the humane Agandecca being slain by her own father, Fingal carried off her breathless corpse, and interred it in Ardven, with the tears and lamentations of a tender lover. The brave Cuchullin stands another shock of the Danes ; but being again abandoned, he sunk in Cromla's wood, and mourned his fallen friends, in the following pathetic exclamation :

' How many lie there of my heroes ! the chiefs of Inisfail ! they that were chearful in the hall when the sound of the shells arose. No more shall I find their steps in the heath, or hear their voice in the chace of the hinds. Pale, silent, low on bloody beds are they who were my friends ! O spirits of the lately-dead, meet Cuchullin on his heath. Converse with him on the wind, when the rustling tree of Tura's cave resounds. There, far remote, I shall lie unknown. No bard shall hear
of

of me. No gray stone shall rise to my renown. Mourn me with the dead, O Bragela ! departed is my fame.'

What follows is all greatness, pathos, and sublimity.

' Fingal, tall in his ship, stretched his bright lance before him. Terrible was the gleam of the steel : it was like the green meteor of death, setting in the heath of Malmor, when the traveller is alone; and the broad moon is darkened in heaven.' He lands with his forces, and is opposed by the Danes. He beholds Swaran, the son of Starno ; remembers his dear Agandecca, whom her brother Swaran had bewailed ; sends a bard to invite him to the banquet. This being declined by the Dane, they proceed to battle. On this occasion Fingal finely characterizes his own sons. ' Ossian, stand thou near my arm. Gaul, lift thy terrible sword. Fergus, bend thy crooked yew. Throw, Fillan, thy lance through heaven.—Lift your shields like the darkened moon. Be your spears the meteors of death. Follow me in the path of my fame ; and equal my deeds in battle.

' As a hundred winds on Morven ; as the streams of a hundred hills ; as clouds fly successive over heaven ; or, as the dark ocean assaults the shore of the desert : so roaring, so vast, so terrible the armies mixed on Lena's echoing heath.

' The groan of the people spread over the hills ; it was like the thunder of night, when the cloud bursts on Cona ; and a thousand ghosts shriek at once on the hollow wind.

' Fingal rushed on in his strength, terrible as the spirit of Trenmor ; when, in a whirlwind, he comes to Morven to see the children of his pride.—The oaks resound on their hills, and the rocks fall down before him. Bloody was the hand of my father when he whirled the lightning of his sword. He remembers the battles of his youth, and the field is wasted in his course.

' Ryno went on like a pillar of fire.—Dark is the brow of Gaul. Fergus rushed forward with feet of wind ; and Fillan, like the mist of the hill.—Myself, like a rock, came down, I exulted in the strength of the king. Many were the deaths of my arm ; and dismal was the gleam of my sword. My locks were not then so gray ; nor trembled my hands of age. My eyes were not closed in darkness ; nor failed my feet in the race.

' Who can relate the deaths of the people ; or the deeds of mighty heroes ; when Fingal, burning in his wrath, consumed the sons of Lochlin ? Groans swelled on groans from hill to hill,

hill, till night had covered all. Pale, staring like a herd of deer, the sons of Lochlin convene on Lena. We sat and heard the sprightly harp at Lubar's gentle stream. Fingal himself was next to the foe; and listened to the tales of bards. His godlike race were in the song, the chiefs of other times. Attentive, leaning on his shield, the king of Morven sat. The wind whistled through his aged locks, and his thoughts are of the days of other years. Near him on his bending spear, my young, my lovely Oscar stood. He admired the king of Morven: and his actions were swelling in his soul.

'Son of my son, begun the king, O Oscar, pride of youth, I saw the shining of thy sword and gloried in my race. Pursue the glory of our fathers, and be what they have been; when Trenmor lived, the first of men, and Trathal the father of heroes. They fought the battle in their youth, and are the song of bards.

'O Oscar! bend the strong in arm: but spare the feeble hand. Be thou a stream of many tides against the foes of thy people; but like the gale that moves the grass to those who ask thine aid.—So Trenmor lived; such Trathal was; and such has Fingal been. My arm was the support of the injured; and the weak rested behind the lightning of my steel.'

We defy all antiquity to produce nobler images, or any character that equals Fingal in those excellencies which constitute the hero. What can be more affecting than the lamentation with which this book is concluded by the venerable poet Ossian:

'Many a voice and many a harp in tuneful sounds arose. Of Fingal's noble deeds they sung, and of the noble race of the hero. And sometimes on the lovely sound was heard the name of the now mournful Ossian.

'Often have I fought, and often won in battles of the spear. But blind, and tearful, and forlorn I now walk with little men. O Fingal, with thy race of battle I now behold thee not. The wild roes feed upon the green tomb of the mighty king of Morven.—Blest be thy soul, thou king of swords, thou most renowned on the hills of Cona!'

[*To be continued.*]

A Treatise of the Disease called a Cold ; shewing its general Nature, and Causes ; its various Species, and different Events : Together with some cautionary Rules of Conduct, proper to be observed, in order to avoid taking this Disease, or to get safely rid of it when taken. Also a short Description of the genuine Nature and Seat of the putrid sore Throat. By John Chandler. F. R. S. Apothecary. 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Millar.

THE good sense, the accurate observation, and scientific precision of this writer, as well as the importance of his subject, merit the attention of every medical reader. A disease, which from its frequency is reputed of little consequence, is placed in an uncommon and satisfactory point of view ; and many of those errors, that have crept into the practice of the best physicians, are corrected, by a judicious application of philosophy to the modern discoveries in anatomy. He confesses that he has borrowed freely from the writings of the ingenious Schneider ; and it is true that he has laid the basis of his doctrine upon what has been advanced by that learned foreigner, and particularly his discovery of the *pituitary* membrane ; yet a discerning reader will be able to collect a sufficient number of remarks, new, important, and intelligent, to convey a very favourable idea of Mr. Chandler's talents. As we entertain a good opinion of the utility of this treatise, we shall endeavour to impart, by a short abstract, some portion of the satisfaction and improvement which we received in the perusal, desiring the reader will, at the same time, reflect how difficult it is to retain in an analysis, every circumstance that may appear necessary to the full explication of the subject.

Mr. Chandler paves the way to his own doctrine, by demonstrating the absurdity of the notions which the ancient physicians entertained of rheums and catarrhs, as they were contradictory to modern improvements in anatomy, and the established maxims of physiology. Some called the pituita that fell upon the nostrils and fauces, an excrementitious humour ; others alledged, it was formed by a condensation of vapours, and the catarrhs which ensued were compared to showers of rain. A few of the ancients affirmed, that the head resembled the sun, as it attracted vapours ; and Galen could not fall upon a better simile, than by likening the head to a smoaky chimney. Ideas so crude are sufficient specimens of those laboured systems formed to explain a phenomenon, exceedingly simple and easy to those who are perfectly acquainted with the animal œconomy. Most of our author's criticisms are taken from the writer abovementioned ; they are nevertheless necessary preliminaries to the ensuing system.

Our author then proceeds to the doctrine of perspiration, first suggested by the nice statical experiments of the accurate Sanctorius ; but, in Mr. Chandler's opinion, neither sufficiently explained, nor understood in its full extent. Sanctorius, and modern philosophers, have considered insensible perspiration only in a general view, as an excretion made by the outlets of the external superficies of the body and of the trachea ; whereas our author extends it to all the surfaces of the several parts of the human body, the muscles, viscera, in a word, to all those places covered and lined with membranous substances : such are the nostrils, ears, mouth, fauces, sinusses, pharynx, gullet, larynx, trachea, bronchia, pericardium, stomach, liver, &c. every one of which is susceptible of the inconveniencies resulting from obstructed perspiration.

Having sufficiently explained his idea of the manner in which obstructed perspiration contributes to forming the disease called a cold, Mr. Chandler lays down the subsequent propositions :

‘ 1. Whatever disorders are primarily owing to the action of cold air, whether wet or dry ; or of other cold and wet substances, may properly fall under this general denomination of a cold, and such action may be called its procatactic, or antecedent cause.

‘ 2. Whatever disorders do not primarily come under this description, but are only secondary effects, are not to be classed under this head.

‘ 3. Those cold and wet substances, when accidentally applied, in certain unfavourable conditions or circumstances of the parts to which they are applied ; or otherwise, when applied with a greater force than ordinary, produce the disease by a sudden check given to perspiration ; which may be denominated the remote cause of a cold.

‘ 4. This check given to perspiration, or more accurately, to the free secretion of the perspirable matter, by the causes mentioned, in any one or more of those parts which are within the reach of contact with the external air, &c. (such as are, first, the apparent superficies of the body, i. e. the outward skin ; and, secondly, the more latent and cavernous surfaces of the mouth, nostrils, sinusses, &c.) occasions an obstruction of the circulation in those parts ; by which they become preternaturally loaded ; oftentimes painfully distended, and their natural offices perverted ; and this their state may be, with sufficient precision, denominated, the proximate cause of a cold.’

Next he considers the specific nature of this perspirable matter produced from the elaborated chyle, purified by the strainers
of

of the intestines and kidneys of all the excrementitious parts of the aliments, churned by the successive compressions and conquassations of the lungs; and still farther concocted by the impulsive systole of the arteries, continued through all the minute ramifications. The final intention of this highly prepared matter, is to nourish and repair the worn out and wasted fibres in the animal machine, to which it is admirably adapted by its clammy adhesive quality; the redundant and superfluous parts escaping by the minute pores and excretory ducts of all the internal and external surfaces of the body. His reasoning upon this subject is ingenious, and his inference will appear from the following extract:

‘ There are therefore two principal causes of the tenacity of the perspirable matter, the one natural, the other preternatural; and two species of tenacity, the one salutary and necessary, the other hurtful and dangerous; the last of which is what properly belongs to the subject I am treating of, to which may be added another remote cause of the last species, viz. an undue quantity of gelatinous foods taken into the habit in the common course of living; which of all the predisponent causes, may be looked on as one of the most frequent which occasions this preternatural tenacity.

‘ It is this very matter, preternaturally inspissated, which forms the tenaceous substance that appears on the upper surface of blood drawn, upon opening a vein, in the cases of neglected colds and fevers, called size; and it is the same matter of which the tough membranes are formed, observable in the cases of adhesions, in which, one or both lobes of the lungs, are often found closely connected with the pleura, after peripneumonies, pleurisies; as well as other adhesions, from inflammatory diseases of the several parts.

‘ Such an obstructed perspiration, therefore, as is sufficient to produce the disease most commonly called a cold, is antecedently owing to a sudden preternatural chill, and inspissation of the warm thin juices, in their secretory or excretory ducts or follicles, and also to a corrugation or spasmodic constriction of the ducts themselves; and on this depends the proximate cause, viz. a stop put to the natural secretions and absorptions, and consequently to the free circulation of the humours through the capillaries, which hereupon are distended, and load the compound organs on which the affection falls, and particularly the *pituitary membrane*, which is much the most liable to this accident, which gives rise to the most immediate and remarkable symptoms of the disease, and which therefore deserves next to be considered.’

After Mr. Chandler has described the *Membrana Schneideriana*, or pituitary membrane, he proceeds to relate the diseased affections of which it is susceptible from catching cold. In general, the disorders of this membrane arise, he thinks, from obstructions in the capillary veins and arteries, and in the ducts of the glands, distributed over, interwoven with, and piercing through its substance, producing a preternatural distention of the vessels, or constriction of the membrane, stimulation of the nerves, and, finally, an immoderate efflux and distillation of humour. The inspiration of cold air, or the application of any cold moist substance to the membrane, may occasion this obstruction, attended with vicarious shiftings and translations from one part to another, on account of the inosculation of the several branches of blood-vessels with which the membrane is furnished from different trunks. Our author agrees with Schneider, that this humour may acquire an acrid malignant quality, when the juices happen to be contaminated by malignant miasmata; and we must add, that this effect may arise from the very nature of the obstruction, without any predisposing cause in the juices; and that from hence may proceed ozænas, caruncles, polypi, and cancers.

Next our author proceeds to the several species of colds, as they happen to affect the nostrils, the throat, or the breast, whence they are called by the general terms of *coryza*, *branchus*, and *catarrhus*, agreeable to an old distich, which we believe to be the composition of the Salernian school.

Si fluet ad pectus dicatur rheuma catarrhus :

Ad fauces branchus, ad nares esto coryza.

Mr. Chandler, however, either was unacquainted with these definitions, or he did not chuse to adopt them; for though he treats of a cough, it is in a different view from what most physicians understand by the word *catarrh*.

The first species of cold of which our author treats, is the *coryza*; this he calls an affection of that part of the pituitary membrane, spread over the nostrils, and frontal sinusses, arising from the inspiration of cold air by the nostrils, while the body is heated, and in a state of increased perspiration. This disorder may also have its origin in a naturally loose, inelastic state of the membrane; in its being preternaturally weakened, enfeebled, and enlarged, by repeated accidents, and a habitude of catching cold; or in a sudden variation of the atmosphere, from cold, dense, dry, and elastic, to a warm, moist, and open state. The subsequent *rationale* of the disease, upon this principle, will afford a favourable specimen of our author's ability.

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'It appears (says he) from numerous experiments, that the air contained within our bodies, must, in order to preserve them from being crushed inwards, or bursting outwards into atoms, suffer such alternate oscillations or condensations and expansions, as shall always keep it near to an equilibrium with the circumambient air, in *its* different condensations and expansions : now the weight, and pressure of the external air, upon the superficies of a human body, is sometimes diminished, by the difference of some thousands of pounds, from the weight and pressure it sustains at other times. This happens when the wind turns to the southward ; the mercury sinks low in the barometer ; the high firm clouds seem all to descend, and to resolve into loose vapours ; and the condensed air expands into low broad winds : in this state of outward air and weather, the air contained in the fluids, and in the cavities and interstices of the solid parts of the body, will also expand ; the humours will relax from their firm cohesions and connexions ; they will swell in the vessels, and often occasion an emphysematose fulness, clumsiness, and inability of the limbs ; the whole body will feel loaded and inert ; the lungs will be oppressed ; the head will ach, and a heaviness be felt over the eyebrows ; all which signs of a plethora will be followed by oozings of a limpid pituita through the membrane, which will, at first, drop, now and then, from the nostrils ; afterwards will, from time to time, trickle down in rivulets ; and at length, will pour thro' the open vessels in copious and constant defluxions, as if a violent cold had been taken, until the habit be emptied of the exundating humors ; when a period will be put to all the complaints.'

He farther observes, that the same affection may be produced by what he calls a dry earthy state of the atmosphere, such as usually accompanies continental easterly winds, whence proceed irritations of the pituitary membrane, sneezings, constrictions, inspissations, stoppages, and, in short, a perfect coryza. An intensely biting frost will gangrene the membrane ; a foggy state of the atmosphere, with low, black, stagnant exhalations, accompanied with sudden, frequent intermissions, interchanges, and oscillations of dryness and moisture, expansion and condensation, will corrupt and putrefy both the membrane and the mucous discharge. A continued moist, damp state of the air, will check perspiration, obstruct the transpiratory pores, and thicken the perspiring matter ; in a word, any of these causes are capable either of producing the disease, or, at least, of greatly increasing and assisting a coryza.

As the natural termination of this affection, is by resolution, the modus of which our author explains at large, he recom-

mends phlebotomy, and gentle aperitives, to ease the membrane of that load and tension, which would otherwise overcome the elasticity of the vessels, and might spread and multiply the obstructions, rupture the vessels, inflame the membrane, and produce a fever, with phrenitis, nasal hæmorrhages, and local gangrenes.

When the cold air, in a heated state of the body, instead of being inspired by the nostrils, is successively drawn in at the mouth, repeating its strokes on the pendulous curtain of the palate, on the uvula and tonsils, producing an apparent tumour, a more exalted redness, a swelling of the uvula and tonsils, a contraction of the fauces, and a difficult deglutition, then our author denominates the disease a fore throat, which he would seem to distinguish from a *branchus*, tho' we always apprehended they were exactly similar. His distinction we may indeed affirm is without a difference, for it consists wholly in this, that the cold air is supposed to have passed over the roof of the mouth and the fauces, and to have fallen immediately on the epiglottis and superior part of the larynx; in short, that the *branchus* is deeper seated than the fore throat, though he soon forgets this distinction, and speaks of them indiscriminately. The word *branchus*, he translates by hoarseness, and seems to think that this symptom can only be produced by an affection of the epiglottis and larynx; yet we will venture to pronounce, that whatever can occasion an alteration in the natural state of the isthmus of the fauces, will likewise affect the voice variously, according to circumstances.

The seat of a cough our author places in the aspera arteria, when perspiration is obstructed in the membraneous superficies of this tube, by any of the causes above recited. He adds very judiciously, 'that the salutary event of this species of cold is effected by easing the loaded parts; appeasing the irritation; by a resolution of any obstructions which may be occasioned in the capillaries; by a gentle and easy expectoration of the viscid pituita, from the ducts and glands; and, finally, by a recovered strength of all the solid parts concerned, by which they may be enabled to resist against any farther preternatural influx: to answer which salutary purposes, great caution should be used, in most recent cases, not to be too busy with provocative expectorants, which, instead of appeasing, aggravate the irritation; force a preternatural secretion, sometimes spotted, or streaked, with blood; load and stretch, more and more, the obstructed distended glands and ducts; and, by a pertinacious continuance, utterly destroy their tone; until either, at length, the mucus stagnates in them, putrefies, and creates an ulcer or *verruca*; and more especially if any of the small bronchial vessels

els should happen to be lacerated, by the violence of the cough, or eroded by the acrimony of the medicines, or humours, or else by an irrecoverable enlargement and weakness of all the parts concerned, a foundation is laid for an habitual *asthma.*'

Though Mr. Chandler, in our opinion, improperly ranks the *angina maligna*, or putrid sore throat, among the disorders produced by an obstruction of the perspiratory matter from catching cold, yet his description of that dreadful disease is concise and accurate. We cannot take upon us to determine, with what degree of truth he ascribes the first discovery of the true method of curing the putrid sore throat to Dr. Leatherland. The public has long given the merit of that important addition to physic, to the ingenious Dr. Fothergill, who certainly was the first writer that accurately described the disease, and pointed out the method of cure, in the manner now most successfully practised. According to Mr. Chandler, Dr. Leatherland found a circumstantial history of this identical disease, in a Spanish writer, as early as the year 1739; whereas Dr. Fothergill's account did not appear till nine years after; but our author is not aware that he ought to have suppressed this circumstance, which by no means reflects honour on the character of the learned gentleman, to whom he intends a compliment. It would certainly be more to the doctor's credit, never to have hit upon the discovery in his Spanish book, than to have concealed a matter of the last consequence to the public; because at that time this disease was more frequent, malignant, and fatal, than it has ever since appeared. We do not intend any reflection upon Dr. Leatherland, for whose learning and experience we entertain great respect; we only think that Mr. Chandler ought not to have robbed one doctor to enrich another.

Our author in the next place traces the different diseases of the eye, produced by catching cold, and is extremely sensible and intelligent upon this subject. What he observes upon swelled faces, obstructions of the maxillary, parotid, and thyroid glands, and rigidities of the mastoid and cucullaris muscles, commonly called *cricks* of the neck, also deserves regard. With respect to affections of the ear, occasioned by cold, we could wish Mr. Chandler had been more explicit, as the subject is important, and, in our opinion, but loosely treated by medical writers, this branch of practice being left, in a great measure, in the hands of empirics, though of all parts of physic the most delicate. Mr. Chandler's philosophy of fevers, consequent on obstructed perspiration, is extremely simple, rational, and perspicuous; and his method of cure, such as naturally results from

the symptoms and procatactic causes described. He concludes the treatise with several very judicious cautionary rules of conduct, respecting the sudden transition from a warm to a cold atmosphere ; luxurious feeding, which he justly deems a predisponent cause of cold, and all the vicissitudes of our climate and situation. For the satisfaction of our readers, we shall quote one general observation that arises from the preceding argumentation :

‘ As a free and warm perspiration, and a due tenuity of the perspirable matter, are of the utmost consequence to health and ease ; whenever any unforeseen accidents occur, capable of disturbing, or perverting this important part of the animal œconomy, no time should be lost in remedying the first and slightest beginnings of mischief. The accidents I here refer to, besides those already mentioned, are, lying in damp beds, or in raw new-built houses ; being caught by rain, or thick dews, either on horseback or on foot, or on the water ; putting on damp linen, or changing warmer garments for a more flimsy and airy dress ; all of which, in their turns, are capable of producing, without immediate care to prevent them, the most pernicious effects of a stopped and inspissated perspiration. Therefore, when any thing of this kind happens, and more especially, if the least chill or uneasiness be afterwards perceived, the only safe precaution to ward off worse impending evils, is to go instantly into a warm bed, in a dry, warm room ; and either to practise a strict abstinence, or, if necessary, to drink some well warmed diluting liquor, such as shall serve to raise a moderate sweat, to be continued for some hours ; or rather, until all uneasy sensations, and feverish symptoms, are removed ; then to dress in dry warm clothing, and to keep house, until twenty-four hours, or more, shall shew that no longer confinement be necessary. This method would almost certainly prevent *fevers*, which are extremely apt to kindle upon such general checks to perspiration : or should a fever be already begun, would prevent its continuance : for I will venture to lay it down as a maxim, which very seldom fails ; that fevers from colds, so justly formidable when rivetted by delay and multiplied obstructions, are, in general, as easily got rid of, if treated upon their first onsets, in the plain simple way I have mentioned, as almost any disorder whatever : therefore care should be taken to prevent a too officious administration of heating liquors and medicines, which only serve to irritate and inflame ; but which are too commonly made use of on such occasions.’

These specimens, and our short analysis, are sufficient to evince, that this is a sensible, rational, learned, and useful treatise,

use, which we think it our duty to recommend, not only to the gentlemen of the faculty, but to our readers in general, who may receive benefit from the variety of preventive maxims with which it abounds.

ART. III. *Naval Evolutions: or, A System of Sea-Discipline; extracted from the celebrated Treatise of P. L'Hoste, Professor of Mathematics, in the Royal Seminary of Toulon; confirmed by Experience; illustrated by Examples from the most remarkable Sea-Engagements between England and Holland; embellished with Eighteen Copper-Plates; and adapted to the Use of the British Navy. To which are added, An Abstract of the Theory of Ship-Building; an Essay on Naval Discipline, by a late experienced Commander; a general Idea of the Armament of the French Navy; with some practical Observations; by Christopher O'Bryen, Esq; Lieutenant in his Majesty's Navy. 4to. Pr. 10s. 6d. Johnston.*

IT is surprising that, in a commercial nation which hath attained to the highest pinnacle of naval power, this should be the first treatise (so far as we know) upon naval discipline, published by any native or subject of Great Britain.

It is inscribed, with great propriety, to his royal highness the duke of York, a prince who bears the same title, and inherits the same knowledge in sea-affairs, which so eminently distinguished at one period the brother of king Charles II. a prince who possesses all the good qualities of that duke of York; without being in the least tainted with the blemishes of his character.

After a short, but sensible introduction, shewing the necessity that officers are under of understanding naval evolutions, and the ease with which they may be learned, Mr. O'Bryen proceeds to his translation from L'Hoste, concerning definitions of lines or orders. He illustrates his description of galleys with a copper-plate, and a detail of the famous battle of Lepanto, in which the Christian galleys obtained a complete victory over the Turks in the year 1571. He next instructs us how to chase to the greatest advantage, explains the method by a cut, and demonstrates it by geometrical diagrams. After he has discussed this subject, he describes the line of battle, not only in a distinct engraving, but also explains it from the historical account of the battle of the Texel, where the duke of York defeated the Dutch in the year 1665. He enumerates the advantages of being to windward, as well as those that are derived from being to leeward; gives a more particular explanation of the line of battle; in what manner it is to be formed for a retreat; how

for falling; how for pursuit; how to guard a freight; and how to force a passage: all these different dispositions are represented on well-executed copper-plates.

The translator seems to make an abrupt transition to part V; which treats of the motions of a fleet before it is formed into lines or orders; such as the proper methods to anchor; to gain the wind; to dispute the wind with the enemy; to avoid action; to force the enemy to action; to double the enemy; to avoid being doubled; to receive a fleet that bears down upon you; to force through the enemy's line; to divide a fleet, and to manage a fleet in a storm: all these situations are illustrated by apt examples from naval history, judicious remarks, and distinct engravings.

He concludes with an account of signals; signals of command by day and night; signals for chace and action; signals of council; signals for anchoring, weighing, &c. These are explained by a print of the different flags or ensigns.

In the next place, he gives abstracts from L'Hôte's Theory of the Construction of a Ship, containing remarks on the figure of a ship; of bodies in a medium; of the trim, stiffness, and rowling of a ship. These useful hints, founded on mathematical demonstration, will be useful in ship-building.

What follows is an ingenious essay on naval discipline, by a late experienced sea-commander, comprehending his ideas touching the qualities of a ship of war; the firing great guns in platoons; the formation of the line; the seniority in a line of battle; the conduct of a sea-commander in action; the method of convoy; and a retreat; attacking forts, boarding, &c.

In my opinion, (says he) grounded on what I have found by experience, to keep a constant fire on the enemy by firing in platoons, will have a much greater effect, and distress them more, than the common received notion of broad-side and broad-side with some intervals between, which is generally the case in most actions; in order to which, I would divide the guns into five fires, in the following manner, viz. half the guns abaft below, then half the guns abaft aloft, so the other half below forward, and lastly the quarter-deck guns, and those on the fore-castle; so that by the time your first platoon is fired, you will be able to keep up a constant fire on your enemy, which method I prefer, as I observed above, to broad-side and broad-side; where chance has often a greater share in the execution than judgment: notwithstanding, this last method is sometimes necessary, as time and circumstances may offer. I would likewise advise you to point your guns so as to make a breach in your enemy's ship.

In considering the different advantages of being to windward, and to leeward, he observes, 'the weather-gage is soonest clear of smোক, and of course that line can better observe the signals that are made, than the ships to leeward can, which must have the continuance of both smোকs longer.

' Another advantage the weather ships have is this: if they are more in number than the enemy's fleet, they can detach some from their Squadron, which bearing down upon the rear of the enemy must infallibly put them into disorder.

' Again, the advantage the fire-ships to windward have: they can (when orders are given) better bear down upon the enemy than those to leeward can ply up to windward, which can never be done against a line in action; but the weather fire-ship can bear down against all the resistance that can be made by the enemy.

' Objection I. Now for the lee-side, if one, two, or more of the ships to windward should be disabled, they will drive to leeward, and become a prey to the enemy. Most certainly this will happen, if ships and boats, (which of course will be ordered) cannot tow them up again, or other ships fall to leeward of them to cover and protect them; and, if not, the boats may take out the men, and then set the ship on fire, which let the enemy take if they will in a blaze: she must put them in disorder as she drives down upon them by endeavouring to avoid her, which, if rightly improved, will be an advantage to the weather enemy.

' Object. II. Again, there are who argue for the lee-line, and say, that if any of their ships should be disabled, they can be towed to leeward of them, and there be repaired and put into some order, and, if their line should be pressed, they can better bear away, and make a retreat than those to windward can, if it should be their case, and victory against them. This latter part of the question is readily granted, if the weather-line is so disabled, that it cannot keep its wind. It must be allowed, that if the ships cannot keep their wind, they must continue the engagement till they are lost with honour, or the chance of war turn in their favour.'

The following seems to be a salutary maxim in sea-discipline: 'That a commanding flag-ship should never go out of her way for any ship whatever, unless that ship should be disabled, or that a sudden shift of wind does not take her unexpectedly. The reason is plain: if the admiral gives way to one, or backs and fills for another's fancy or misconduct, there would be no end to such negligence or over-sight; therefore the commanding flag-ship expects that every ship in his fleet will observe, and take her motions from him and his seconds, whose distance from
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the admiral should be a measure for every other ship to follow from each other, as near as possible, except when the signal is made to back or fill, or make more or less sail.'

His directions for attacking forts, seems to be the result of sagacity and experience.

'Of attacking forts.

'Though ships were not designed at first to batter stone-walls, yet they have often had success against them: but still it is not easy to reason or direct in such sort of engagements, so many accidents happening, which frequently hinder ships from placing themselves properly to attack batteries or fortifications, such as contrary winds, tides, currents, shoals, &c.

'But if you design with a fleet to force into harbour, (wind, weather, &c. permitting) you should order some ships to divert the out-forts by coming to an anchor, and placing themselves in such a manner as to bring their broad-sides to bear upon them; I must own when that is accomplished, a ship's fire being quick, will very much annoy the enemy, but more especially against stone-works, (which fly about, and do great execution) whilst the main body of the fleet pushes into harbour: but, as there is no degree of equality in such sort of engagements, I shall not reason any farther upon them, and only say, that I have seen various success on both sides.'

The book concludes with a general idea of the armament of the French navy, comprehending the size of the ships, the regulation of cannon, the number of men, and the rank of the officers, with a description of galleasses, gallies, and frigates. We are also furnished with a list of ships lost by the English during the present war; and in two large sheets, a general state of the French navy at the beginning of the year 1755: they exhibit tables of those ships which have been taken, destroyed, and lost by accident, with a recapitulation of the times when, the places where, and the means by which they were so taken, destroyed, or lost, from that period down to the present year.

On the whole, as the abstracts from L'Hôte are faithfully translated, and judiciously chosen; as the remarks of the English commander are equally sensible and curious; as the performance contains a system of naval discipline; and as there is no other system of this art extant in the English language; we cannot doubt but that every mariner will purchase the work with his first convenience; and that Mr. O'Brien, the translator and editor, who, we understand, is a worthy man and a good officer, will be properly considered and promoted, for the pains he has taken in the service of the public.

ART.

ART. IV. *All in the Wrong: A Comedy. As it is performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane. By Mr. Murphy. 3vs. Pr. 1s. 6d. Vaillant.*

THE author tells us, in an advertisement prefixed to the piece, that he took the first hint of it from the *Cocu Imaginaire* of Moliere, which was founded on an Italian performance: that though jealousy, in all its appearances, hath been frequently exhibited on the English stage, yet it was imagined a plan, which should delineate all the varieties of that passion, whether subsisting between lovers, or in the matrimonial life, and blend them together in one piece, would not be unacceptable to the public.

Mr. Murphy has certainly succeeded in working up a very agreeable tissue of cross purposes, and in many respects improved the plan of the *Cocu Imaginaire*. Sir John Restless and his lady are much more respectable personages than Sganarelle and his wife; and the character of Beverley more interesting than that of Lelius.

Sir John Restless and his lady are both humourists, and mutually jealous of each other. Beverley is a young gentleman of great vivacity and warmth of temper, on the footing of a favourite lover with Belinda, an accomplished young lady of great sensibility. He is addicted to suspicion; and refines so much on his observations and conjectures concerning the conduct of his mistress, that he may be truly stiled a self-tormentor. Young Bellmont is Beverley's friend, in love with that gentleman's sister Clarissa, who favours his passion: but his father Sir William Bellmont has projected a match between him and Belinda, and agreed upon the terms with her father Mr. Blandford. The perplexities arising from these tempers and views, in a variety of incidents and accidents productive of mistake and confusion, constitute the fable and action of this comedy, which abounds with diverting circumstances.

In the first Act, Sir John Restless endeavours to pump his man Robest, on the supposition that he is not ignorant of his lady's backslidings; but receiving no satisfaction, goes out to watch her motions in the Park. The two friends Beverley and Bellmont meet in the same place, and are joined by their respective mistresses Belinda and Clarissa. The latter moves off into a different walk with Bellmont, leaving Belinda with her lover, who presents her with his picture in miniature, and gives some specimens of his jealous disposition.—Lady Restless returning from her walk, perceives a young woman, who was her maid's visitant, called Marmalet, coming out of her house, and

is immediately struck with the notion that she must be one of her husband's hussies. She questions her very severely, and is informed she belongs to Lady Conquest: but, doubting the truth of this assertion, she resolves to write a letter to Lady Conquest, to know whether she has in reality any such attendant.

Belinda, having parted with Beverley in the Park, is met by her own father Mr. Blandford, who insists upon her marrying Bellmont, and treats her with such rigour, that when his back is turned, she laments her hard fortune, and is so affected as to be in danger of dropping down. Sir John Restless passing that way, seeing a young lady in distress, supports her in his arms, and she faints away just by his own door. His lady looking out at the window, and seeing a woman in his arms, is inflamed with all the rage of jealousy; and runs down stairs to upbraid him with his falshood; but in the mean time he conducts Belinda to her lodgings. His lady, however, picks up the picture of Beverley, which she had dropped when she fainted away.

In the beginning of the second Act, Sir John comes upon his lady unawares, when she is contemplating the picture she had found, and takes it for granted that must be the resemblance of her gallant. In this opinion he snatches it out of her hand, and abundance of jealous recrimination ensues. He taxes her with granting favours to the person whom the picture represents; and she reproaches him with his audacious deportment in openly embracing one of his mistresses before her window. The knight again expostulates with Robert, whom he still suspects as an accomplice in the intrigues of his lady. A footman delivers a letter directed to Lady Restless, which he opens, and finds conched in these terms:

“ Madam,

“ My Lady Conquest being gone into the country for a few days, I have judged it proper to send a speedy answer to yours, and to assure you, for your peace of mind, that you need not entertain the least suspicion of Marmalet, my lady's woman. She has lived some years in our family, and I know her by experience to be an honest trusty girl, and one that would not make mischief between your Ladyship and Sir John.

“ I have the honour to be,

“ Madam, your very humble servant,

“ CONQUEST.”

From the perusal of this billet, he concludes there is a secret correspondence between his wife and Lord Conquest, and that
this

this Marmalet was recommended as a trusty confidante or go-between. Full of this idea, he resolves to bribe the said Marmalet to disclose all she knows of the matter; and sends Robert with a message to her, desiring she would meet the knight in a mask in the Park about the dusk of the evening. Mean while Sir John, going out to inquire further about the picture, meets with Beverley, and perceives the resemblance. While he is comparing the features, Beverley has a glimpse of the picture, which he recognizes to be that which he gave to his mistress. This is fresh food for the jealousy of both. Sir John runs into his own house, fully convinced that Beverley is the destroyer of his honour; and Beverley is maddened with the conceit that Belinda has given away his picture to some happy rival. He imparts his suspicions to Bellmont, who lays him a wager that this is not the picture he supposes it to be.

In the third Act, this affair comes to an explanation. The two friends meeting with their mistresses, still in the Park, Bellmont desires to see the picture, and then for the first time, she perceives she has lost it. This confirms the suspicion of Beverley, who breaks out into reproaches. She, conscious of her own innocence, treats him with rather too much levity of mirth, and a formal quarrel is the consequence.

Lady Restless being informed by her maid Tattle, that Sir John had made an assignation with Marmalet, who did not know what to make of his message, takes her measures accordingly. In the interim, Beverley having observed the house which the gentleman who had his picture went into, demands admission, and introduces himself to Lady Restless. He tells her, that Sir John was in possession of a picture which he had given to another lady; and she informs him, that with her own eyes she saw her husband embracing that lady in the Park. Thus they feed one another's jealousy with a variety of false inferences, and are both extremely miserable. Sir John sees him coming out of his own house, and takes it for granted he is my lady's gallant. Beverley accosting him about the picture, a pleasant dialogue ensues, founded upon a mistake; for while Beverley means Belinda, the knight thinks he is talking all the while of Lady Restless. The Act ends with a well-worked scene, in which Beverley renounces Belinda for ever, on the supposition of being false.

The fourth Act exhibits this gentleman on the point of going to the country and abandoning Belinda for ever, when he receives the following billet from that young lady: "The false gaiety of my heart, thro' which my dear Beverley might have read my real anguish at our last meeting, is now subsided. If you will come to me, I will not laugh at your inquietude of
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temper, but will clear all your doubts, and shew you how much I am, my dear Beverly, ever yours, Belinda Blandford." He tears the letter in a transport of passion, through which, however, it plainly appears that Belinda keeps fast hold on his heart. Then he is joined by his friend Bellmont and his sister Clarissa, who remove all his suspicions; and his jealousy is succeeded by penitence, and an impatient desire of reconciliation: but he will not approach her until he has recovered the fatal picture, which has been the source of his disquiet. Belinda, with the same view of retrieving the picture, sends for Sir John Restless, and begins the explanation with saying, that his lady has ruined her with the man she loved to distraction. The knight takes it for granted that his wife has seduced the affections of Belinda's lover; and when she mentions Beverley, takes fire. He tells her that is the very man who has ruined his peace, who corresponds privately with his wife, to whom he had made a present of his picture, which picture the knight affirms he saw her kiss in private, while she expressed her wish that she was married to such a man. He tells her he saw Beverley coming out of his house clandestinely, shunning every observant eye, the characters of guilt in his face, and that the discourse he held with him served only to convince him the more of Beverley's having injured his bed. Sir John having thus roused the resentment of Belinda, and left the arrow sticking in her breast, goes to keep his assignation in the Bird-Cage walk with Marmalet; meets the mask, who accosts him, and declaring she has been frightened by some gentlemen, begs he will convey her into his house; a request he grants, though not without great reluctance, although he knew his wife was not at home. Mean while Beverley has entered the same house, in order to demand the picture, and not finding Sir John, tells his lady's maid Tattle, that he will stay till the knight returns. Tattle begs earnestly he will not stay, lest it should give fresh fuel to her master's jealousy, should he come and find him in the house. Hearing his voice, she prevails upon him to go into a closet, and locks the door. Sir John accordingly appears with the mask, and addresses her earnestly in ambiguous expressions. He intreats her to gratify him; meaning that she should disclose what she knew of the intrigue between Lord Conquest and his wife; but before he has time to explain the matter, the mask, supposing he solicited another sort of favour, uncovers and presents the face of Lady Restless. He is confounded and embarrassed; she storms, and declares she will immediately write to her brother. With this view she goes to open the closet for pen and ink; but finding the door locked, suspects he has another of his creatures there concealed. The key being demanded of Tattle, she makes some frivolous excuses; and her evasion equally

alarms

alarms the jealousy of both husband and wife. The door being at length unlocked, Mr. Beverley is detected. Then the knight turns the tables on his wife, and rages in his turn. He is now more than ever convinced of his own cuckoldom; and refuses to hear the explanation of Beverley, who, nevertheless, obliges him to give up the picture. After his departure, a dialogue of mutual reproach passes between the lady and her husband, who seems determined to procure a divorce.

The plot is by this time so perplexed, that one would think it impossible to unravel it with any degree of probability. In the fifth Act, we find Belinda, from resentment to Beverley, has given her consent to marry Bellmont, who is extremely miserable on that account. Beverley visiting Belinda, acknowledges his faults, and begs forgiveness; but, in the course of their conversation, their mutual jealousy is revived. She upbraids him with Lady Restless; and he charges her with attachment to Sir John. She bursts into tears, and leaves him in a state of miserable suspense. She is afterwards exposed to the indignation of Bellmont and Clarissa, for having made them wretched, by agreeing to accept of Bellmont for her husband, according to the scheme projected by their parents. Her first aim, however, is to come to an explanation with Lady Restless, touching the correspondence between her ladyship and Beverley, who, at bottom, still maintains his place in Belinda's affections. With this view she orders a chair to be called, and repairs to the house of Sir John Restless, without further ceremony. Bellmont, being unable to contrive any other expedient to delay his marriage, gives his father to understand that Belinda's character is tainted, in consequence of a suspected commerce between her and Sir John Restless; and this declaration is confirmed by her maid's owning to Mr. Blandford, that his daughter is gone to the house of that gentleman, whither she is followed by her father Sir William Bellmont, young Bellmont, and Clarissa. The scene now changes to an apartment at Sir John's, in which Beverley appears speaking to Tattle, and telling her he has some particular business with the knight. Lady Restless peeping in at the door, shews her jealous disposition, by saying she thinks she heard John talking with her maid. Sir John, in the back scene, true to his character, exclaims, "Did not I hear a man in discourse with my wife? —so—so—so—he has got into my house again!" Beverley meeting by accident with the lady, she desires to know if he had heard any thing further; and he tells her Sir John had been with Belinda. The knight breaking in upon them gives a loose to his passion. Belinda entering at the same time, is convinced of Beverley's infidelity. Mr. Blandford, and Sir William Bellmont, arriving, lady Rest-

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less complains to the former, that his daughter Belinda has made her miserable. Sir William Bellmont being now satisfied, that the report of Belinda's levity was but too true, permits his son to marry Clarissa, with whom he had just joined the company. Blandford, piqued at the abrupt manner in which his alliance is slighted, now offers his daughter to Beverley ; but Belinda herself insists upon his first explaining the business that brought him hither. At the same time Sir John desires to be informed in what manner his wife got possession of the picture ; and for what reason he (Beverley) made such frequent visits to his house. These incidents cannot fail to afford a great deal of diverting altercation among all the parties concerned. Beverley explains the circumstances in such a manner, as to satisfy the doubts of Sir John, who begins to make an apology to his wife ; but she, in the first place, demands an account of his assignation with Marmalet ; and he goes out to call his man Robert as a witness of his innocence in that affair. Now a tender reconciliation takes place between Beverley and Belinda, and all the other parties are perfectly satisfied in the last scene.

Enter Sir John, Lady Restless, Sir William, Mr. Blandford, Bellmont, and Clarissa.

Sir John. Ha ! ha !—yes, faith, I see we have both made ourselves very ridiculous.——Ha ! ha !——

Lady Rest. I see and acknowledge it.

Sir John. Egad ; I own it ;—I can laugh at my own folly and my wife's too—ha ! ha——

Bland. Why yes, Sir John, you have been both terribly in the wrong, indeed ;——but, Belinda, don't you be in the wrong too——accept of Mr. Beverley this moment.

Belin. If you insist upon it——

Bland. I do insist upon it——

Bev. Thus let me take the bright reward of all my wishes.

Belin. Well, Sir, and now it's over ; you have but commanded me to gratify my inclinations, for we have both seen our error, and frankly confess we have been in the wrong too.

Sir Will. Faith, I think we have been all so ; Mr. Blandford, we should not have opposed their inclinations, when we had it in our power to make two such happy matches instead of one——

Bland. Very true ; and now I wish the young folks all happiness ;—and, Sir John, I wish you and your lady happy too——

Sir John. Sir, it has been a day of mistakes, but of fortunate ones, I hope, and may tend to all our advantage——My lady here will be taught——

Lady Rest. Sir John, I hope you will be taught——

Bland.

Bland. Never mention what is past—the wrangling of married people about any little misconduct is only like the lashing of a top; it serves to keep it up the longer.

Sir John. You are very right, Sir; and as we have been all in the wrong this day, we will, for the future, endeavour to be
“All in the Right.”

[*Here Lady Restless talks apart with Belinda.*]

Bev. A good proposal, Sir John; we will make it our business, both you who are married, and we who are entering into that state, by mutual confidence, to insure mutual happiness.

Belin. A match, Mr. Beverley; I subscribe to it;—

The god of love thinks we prophane his fire,
When trifles light as air mistrust inspire.
But where esteem and gen'rous passions spring,
There reigns secure, and waves his purple wing;
Gives home-felt peace, prevents the nuptial strife,
Endears the bliss, and bids it last for life.'

Though this performance is not high-seasoned with wit and repartee, which seem in a great measure exiled from modern comedy, the situations are artfully adapted to the stage; the characters are well marked; the reflections solid and judicious; the dialogue is decent and easy, and the moral happily enforced.

ART. V. *The Old Maid. A Comedy in Two Acts, as it is performed at the Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane. By Mr. Murphy.*
8vo. Pr. 1s. Vaillant.

THIS piece, by the same hand that produced the foregoing, is partly taken from *L'Etourdie* of monsieur Fagan, as we are told in an advertisement by the author, who takes this method of anticipating the charge of plagiarism, which he seems to think his enemies would be glad to enforce. We commend the candour of Mr. Murphy, in thus owning his obligations to the French author; but we cannot help wishing he would employ his talents on more original productions.

Miss Harlow, the old maiden, having accompanied her brother's wife, Mrs. Harlow, to Ranelagh, is afterwards addressed in a letter by Mr. Clerimont, a young gentleman of rank and fortune, who declares himself enamoured of her charms, and solicits her in marriage. The addresses of such a fine gentleman flatter the vanity and ambition of the antiquated maiden to

Each a degree, that she immediately breaks with one Capt. Cape, a sea-commander, whose proposals she had before encouraged; and assumes ridiculous airs of superiority over her brother's wife, Mrs. Harlow, who, conscious of her own youth and beauty, cannot help exhibiting some signs of envy and dissatisfaction at her sister's conquest. Clerimont, being admitted on the footing of a lover, appears to have fallen in love with the wife, instead of the sister of Harlow; to have mistaken the wife for the sister, and, in consequence of that mistake, to have demanded her in marriage. He is introduced to the ladies separately: he accosts Mrs. Harlow, the object of his passion, with that awful respect which is the genuine offspring of love; and she consents to favour him with her best offices, on the supposition that he is imploring her influence with the old maid. He has afterwards an audience of that lady, and addresses her with all the marks of profound respect as the wife of Mr. Harlow; but she interprets all into the expressions of the most awful and ardent love. Captain Cape resents his dismissal like a true seaman, demanding satisfaction, first of Mr. Harlow, and then of Mr. Clerimont, who pacifies him with great difficulty. At length, Mr. Clerimont, in a subsequent visit to Mrs. Harlow, declares, in plain terms, his passion for that lady, who resents it as an insult, and complains to her husband, that, under pretence of courting his sister, he wanted to seduce his wife. Harlow, enraged at this information, draws upon Clerimont, and is in his turn restrained by captain Cape. Finally, an explanation ensues. Clerimont finding his mistake, begs pardon of Harlow, and desists from his pursuit. Captain Cape triumphs, and exults in the disgrace of the old maid, who feels the keenest pangs of the most mortifying disappointment.

The intricacy of the fable arises naturally from the mistake of Clerimont, and produces a good deal of the *Jeu du Theatre*. The dialogue is lively, and the moral agreeably couched in these lines, with which the performance is concluded.

‘ In vain the faded toast her mirror tries,
And counts the cruel murders of her eyes;
For ridicule, sly-peeping o’er her head,
Will point the roses and the lillies dead;
And while, fond soul! she weaves her myrtle chain,
She proves a subject of the comic strain.’

ART. VI. *A Voyage to the East Indies in 1747, and 1748: Containing an Account of the Islands of St. Helena and Java. Of the City of Batavia. Of the Government and political Conduct of the Dutch. Of the Empire of China, with a particular Description of Canton; and of the religious Ceremonies, Manners, and Customs of the Inhabitants. Interspersed with many useful and curious Observations and Anecdotes; and illustrated with Copper-Plates. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Becket and Hondt.*

THERE is something irresistibly engaging in the most unadorned narrative of voyages and travels into remote countries, even though it should happen to want the merit of novelty. We require nothing more than a faithful recital of facts, which must necessarily be diversified, in consequence of the different dispositions of the observers. It likewise encreases the satisfaction we feel on the perusal of a genuine journal, that so many spurious relations have been palmed on the public, compiled without taste or judgment, by persons who never travelled beyond the shop of their bookseller.

The entertainment furnished in the performance before us, consists less in the subject's being new to the reader, than in the simplicity preserved thro' the whole course of the journal. Persons, places, and things, are described just as they presented themselves to our traveller, with the effects they produced on a mind to which they must appear extraordinary, because they were uncommon. The voyage from England to St. Helena is a mere nautical journal, in which not an incident worth relating occurs. The author's description of the craggy barren island of St. Helena is equally destitute of amusement, as it contains only a repetition of what may be met with in a hundred preceding writers. Of the same nature is the account of his voyage to Java, through the streights of Sunda, until he comes to describe the persons, manners, customs, and character of the inhabitants of this island, known by the general appellation of *Malayes*. Here we meet with a curious specimen of the Malayan language, which we think exceedingly sonorous and flowing, as it abounds with liquids and vowels. We shall present the reader with a few words, which may gratify his curiosity by exhibiting a sample of the whole, though words convey but an imperfect idea, without such phrases and sentences as contain the idiom of a language.

' An Almond,
Almost all,
I am here,
A horse,

Sawzan.
Ampir samoa.
Ad da, la de fini.
Cooda.

An anchor,	<i>Sao.</i>
To anchor,	<i>Sabo sao balo.</i>
To anchor in a port,	<i>Sangar.</i>
An anchoring place,	<i>La boarwn.</i>
Another,	<i>Lian.</i>
Not that, another,	<i>Lain derre pado.</i>
A letter,	<i>Balas soorat.</i>
Any one,	<i>Barange siappo.</i>
An ape,	<i>Moniet,</i>
Even as, or like as,	<i>Buggemena.</i>
Like this, this manner,	<i>Buggene.</i>
Even so, or so,	<i>Buggeetoo.</i>
So much,	<i>Banyak.</i>
So great,	<i>Basaor.</i>

Our author's description of the city of Batavia is curious, because it has all the appearance of truth, and is the most recent we have perused. According to this writer the Dutch are less powerful in the East, and their great emporium less formidable than is usually supposed. It is by dint of policy, secrecy, fraud, and brutal cruelty, that they maintain the credit of their strength in that country, and particularly in the island of Bantam, where the natives are ripe, on the least encouragement, to revolt.

The unprovoked attack on the king of Madura, as late as the year 1747, evinces, that the character of the Hollanders is directly the same it was above a century ago, when the English factors were barbarously murdered at Amboyna, from motives of pure avarice. This transaction is pathetically told, and, in our opinion, the best part of the whole performance. We shall lay an abstract of it before the reader, as we believe the public is but imperfectly informed of an event of great importance to the commercial interest of Great Britain.

In the year 1746 the Dutch formed the project of conquering the island of Madura, and reigning there with the same despotism as in all the surrounding islands. The king was well affected to the English, his treasures were vast, his country prolific in the most valuable commodities of the East; and the ruin of the trade of an allied power, together with the certain prospect of an immense booty, were motives for an act of injustice and inhumanity, too powerful to be resisted by the selfish Dutchmen.

Upon some frivolous pretence they invaded and reduced the island, obliging the unhappy monarch to seek protection from his relation the sultan of Benjar on the island of Borneo, who stood in too much dread of the Dutch, to grant this favour to distressed royalty. This obliged the fugitive prince to have recourse

course to the clemency of the English, requesting that he might find shelter on board the *Onslow*, Capt. Congreve, then lying at anchor in the river Caytonga, the captain being himself at the factory of that name. He offered the English to resign his kingdom into their hands, on condition they would convey him to any of their settlements: his request was transmitted to Capt. Congreve, and immediately granted, without any other motives than those suggested by compassion. The omission of sinking the prows on which the king came on board the *Onslow*, discovered his retreat. The captain of a Dutch vessel within view, sent a menacing letter to the sultan of Benjar, insisting that the English captain should be imprisoned, until he gave directions that his royal guest should be surrendered to the Dutch; an order with which fear obliged the sultan to comply. The result was, that the captain was constrained to send the order required to his officers, by which the king of Madura was to be reduced from a great, independent, and respectable monarch, to the wretched situation of a slave in the Dutch settlements.

‘The letter was delivered to the commanding officer while he was at supper with the king. The king was impatient to know the news from Caytonga; but, being a judge of mankind, and of the emotions of the passions, soon perceived in the officer’s countenance, while he was reading the letter, something that shocked and surprized him. To describe the disorder of the king, his anxiety and misery, is beyond the power of words. He asked the news; but, by the officer’s silence and concern, was confirmed in his suspicion that it contained something gloomy to him. The king, whose mind debarred all rest, went abruptly from the round-house down to the great cabin, where his people were, and imparted his fears, and, as much as his troubled breast, confusion, and consternation would permit, consulted what was proper to be done. He sent up a servant, who could speak English best, several times, to enquire of the officer what was the matter; who as often returned without any satisfactory answer. He began now to see plainly his approaching ruin; and the people on board were preparing to lay hold of him, as they did not expect he would tamely submit himself. The soldiers appointed to apprehend him were armed with cutlasses and pistols, attended with others behind, armed with guns and bayonets. Thus prepared, they went down to the great cabin, but found the door barricadoed. It was with reluctance, but they were forced to break open the cabin-door. The king seeing them use such violent measures, no longer entertained any hopes of safety: and, perhaps, thinking he would be put to death, and that, after his death, they might make slaves, or put

to cruel deaths, all his women, he chose rather to put an end to their lives himself, by which they would be freed from any future wretchedness and misery. On this, or some such conclusion, he immediately, with a cress*, stabbed one of his principal women to the heart. The soldiers seeing the woman lie bleeding on the cabin-floor, rushed in; but the king, advancing with his destructive weapon in his hand, yet reeking with blood, drove them all out of the cabin. They were loth to shoot him; but, having rallied, they advanced and entered the cabin again. All the women were endeavouring to escape the unbounded fury of the king, some running out at the cabin-door, others jumping out of the windows into the sea. One of them, who had run out at the gallery windows, and was climbing up to the poop of the ship, he flew after her like lightning, stretched out his arm, and, with more than infernal fury, stabbed her also, and she dropt into the sea. The soldiers stood amazed for some minutes at the tragical scene, till, at last, a young midshipman, more daring than the rest, and who headed the command, rushed through the crowd with a drawn cutlass in his hand, and, with the first blow, cut the king across the back of his hand. He turned in rage, and threw his weapon into the young man's side. Both were disabled, but neither mortally wounded. The king was taken, and, left in despair he might use violence to himself, or create more effusion of blood, he was bound fast, brought upon deck, and there had his wounds cleaned and dressed.

‘ The most tragical part of the scene being finished, they had now time to take up the poor women who had leaped overboard, and who had been all this time swimming in the water. They were brought upon deck, all very weak and faint, on which the people on board carried them down to the cabin, and did all in their power to relieve them. After they were recovered, they were all brought again on deck, and the commanding officer informed them of their fate. This scene was the more moving, as not only they, but all the people on board, shed tears most plentifully, as if no less sensibly touched with their misfortunes than they were themselves.

‘ The king now began to weep bitterly, and, at those intervals when he could find utterance, used expressions in his own language to the purpose following. “ O Englishmen ! Englishmen ! is there no assistance, no protection, for the unfortunate, against the insolence and cruelty of hard-hearted usurpers ? Can the good English behold with indifference the destruction of their friends the Madurians, and patiently look on, and see

* A short dagger.

innocence put in chains, without interposing and doing justice to every one? Why did you say you would protect me? Why did you ensnare me into your ship, with the ungenerous design of our ruin? Where are now your boasted friendship, greatness and power, generosity and justice, your sovereignty of the seas, and your specious title of being the aid and support of the weak and distressed? What can we do more to deserve it?—I have offered you my all, and laid myself low at your feet; say, what more is in our power, and see how readily we will do it.”

‘ After he had said all this, and more to the same purpose, he was interrupted by the commanding officer, telling him, that if it was in their power to assist or protect him, they would do it with infinite pleasure; and, pointing to the tears and other signs of concern that appeared in his own and the countenance of all the people about him, appealed to himself, if these were not convincing proofs of their sorrow for his misfortunes. The king turned about, and, looking a minute or two very attentively upon the people, said, “ I can plainly see that you pity my misfortunes; but what is pity without assistance? Your pity, when you refuse your aid, but heightens my grief.”

‘ Here he was interrupted again, by telling him, that they were obliged to inform him, that it was time to think of preparing himself to go aboard the Dutch ship, whose boats were on their way for him. On which, transported with grief and anger, he said, “ I am deceived, for you are not that good people I have long taken you for. Now, but alas! too late, I am convinced, to my cost, that you are as bad as our long declared foes the Dutch, and worse than I can call you.”

‘ Here the king stopt, and seemed to put on a resolution to keep a profound silence. On this occasion the officers on board, who could talk a little in the Malay tongue, endeavoured to convince him, in the strongest terms, that it was not in their power to act otherwise than they had done; they told him what captain Congreve had suffered, or was still suffering on his account, and that his relation the sultan was only to blame. The king’s passion being somewhat abated, and having a little recollected himself, he began to apologize for what he had said, and to blame the unkindness of the sultan. But, after pausing a little, and considering the power and influence of the Dutch, and knowing how much the sultan dreaded them, he seemed very resigned to his destiny, and willing to pardon him likewise.

‘ All hopes of the king’s deliverance from the hands of the merciless Dutch being now vanished, he, in strong and pathetic terms, recommended his son at Bencoolen to the care and protection

tection of the English. Every word and every gesture was a sentence. "Remember his father to him; recount to him all his sufferings, which, O ye Englishmen! teach and help him to revenge." These, and such-like short sentences were frequently uttered by him. But it is as impossible for me to do justice in the translation of his words, as it is to describe all the wild distortions, and all the signs of inward grief, pain, and agony, that appeared in his countenance.

* All the people belonging to the old king, and particularly his women, were no less affected with their misfortunes. In these last, grief had overcome the power of speech, and all lay mute and full of woe; even tears themselves would flow no more.

* Boats were now waiting to carry them aboard the Dutch ship. All the king's treasure was brought on deck, which he ordered to be distributed among the Onslow's officers and men, who were, in truth, much affected with his sufferings. He held out to them gold, precious stones, and other things of value. Some of the common men accepted, and others slyly were handling every thing that was within their reach, contrary to express orders. But the officers absolutely declined not only to accept any new presents, but brought on deck, and faithfully delivered back those that had been formerly accepted. The king, with much reluctance, and after often refusing and pressing, was obliged to take them back; though he assured them, that he no longer valued these things, further than as they were acceptable to them, and as a token of his respect for them and their countrymen; for that they were no longer of use to him, and would only serve to enrich and elate his haughty enemies. I dare say there are not many instances of such fine and costly things being refused. Gold, silver, diamonds, and precious stones, were the commodities in dispute. One of the officers had received a present of very rich *crice* from the king when he came on board, the handle of which was set with diamonds of different sizes; but being generous enough to press it back again upon the poor confused monarch, a certain person belonging to the ship caught hold of it, and knocked off a large diamond on which he had fixed his covetous eye, before he delivered it to the king.

* When he went aboard the Dutch boats, he, with tears trickling down his old cheeks, took his last farewell of the officers and people who had shewn such concern for him. The king thanked them all for it; the young prince and the women, were too much sunk and confounded, to be able to utter one word. Thus they left the ship; and left it in such a manner, that,

that, for many days after, the whole ship's company were so much sunk with concern, that they scarce spoke a word to one another, and, I believe, it made several of the common men serious, who had never been so before.

Afterwards we meet with a short account of the Chinese empire, chiefly extracted from the writings of the Jesuit missionaries. The description that ensues of the city of Canton, and the environs, is the most explicit and satisfactory we have seen, though we could wish the author had, out of regard to decency, suppressed a tedious recital of a dangerous act of gallantry, in which two of his shipmates were engaged with some Chinese ladies. Subjoined we have an account of the Chinese merchandize and money, that may prove useful to traders. To conclude, this performance is not devoid of utility and entertainment, though it ought to have been considerably retrenched by the editor.

ART. VII. *The Memoirs of Ninon de L'Enclos, with her Letters to Monsieur de St. Evremond, and to the Marquis de Sevigné. Collected and translated from the French, by a Lady. In 2 Vols. 12mo. Pr. 6s. Doddsley.*

THE reader is here presented with the memoirs of a courtizan, who was the ornament and the admiration of the most brilliant court in Europe, at a period when wit was cherished by the sovereign, and good sense, joined with elegance of manners, could raise poverty from the shade of obscurity to the splendor of a throne. This was the epoch when erudition shone forth in the drawing-room, and the toilet was decked with the most elegant flowers culled from the parterres of Parnassus; when an extensive capacity could elevate the obscure widow of the deformed Scarron to a partnership with the monarch; and the trespasses upon moral virtue, and even the violation of chastity, were more than balanced by a quickness at repartee and the sallies of genius.

Ninon de l'Enclos, the subject of these Memoirs, is a striking instance of the truth of this remark. Her conversation was sought, and her acquaintance cultivated equally by the learned and virtuous of either sex; while she was openly bidding defiance to the laws of society and the express injunctions of religion. Seduced by an unhappy levity of disposition, and too exquisite a sensibility, she resigned her reason wholly to her passions, and prostituted the finest sense to the most vicious inclinations. The prey of arrogant wit, she became the mistress of every lover, whose talents flattered her vanity, and whose

genius offered grateful incense to her imagination : to the age of fourscore she retained the inconstancy of youth, and was sacrificing at the shrine of love, when she ought to have had her thoughts fixed upon extreme unction. We shall give the reader a short abstract of her character and life, as they appear in these Memoirs, and then present him with a few of her epistles, as specimens of her wit and genius.

Mademoiselle de l'Enclos, descended from genteel parents, was born at Paris in the year 1616. Her father had spent the earlier part of his life in the army, and was the intimate friend of the famous cardinal de Retz ; her mother was a great devotee, of very limited understanding. By the former she was indulged in every wish ; and by the latter she was thwarted in the most innocent pleasures. Her father had taught her music, and by the strength of her natural genius she soon became an extraordinary proficient on several instruments. At the age of fourteen she lost her mother, whose death was followed the succeeding year by that of her father ; by which means she entered into possession of her fortune, that consisted of a life-annuity of ten thousand livres. Her beauty and external accomplishments soon gained her a crowd of admirers : she was sought in marriage by persons of superior birth ; but she could never be prevailed upon to contract an engagement for life, and to her last day expressed a singular aversion to matrimony.

At this early period Ninon de l'Enclos was celebrated thro' Paris for her sense, wit, beauty, and female accomplishments. She perfectly understood several living languages, and had read with application the best modern historians, philosophers, and poets, together with the esteemed translations of antient authors by Vaugelas and Ablancourt. She wrote as she spoke, with a charming ingenuous simplicity, and surprising readiness. Her knowledge was without ostentation, adorned with diffidence, and irresistibly engaging, because it was expressed with native modesty. In a word, she is celebrated by her biographer for her friendship, generosity, candor, disinterestedness, integrity, manly sense, and every engaging amiable virtue of her own more tender sex ; yet is she allowed to have been violent, impetuous, hurried away by inclination, and constant in nothing but inconstancy. Her first lover was M. de Gourville, a man of refined sense and gallantry. His connexions with her were but of short duration : in the heat of the civil war he was obliged to fly his country, and save the wrecks of his fortune by depositing 20,000 crowns in the hands of his friend M. de ———, a person remarkable for his integrity, and a like sum in the custody of our heroine. Absence soon cured her passion for the unhappy fugitive ; but her honesty was incorruptible. Gour-
ville

ville returned, demanded the money lodged with his moral friend, and was thrown into despair on being answered by that gentleman, that he was an intire stranger to the meaning of his request, as he had never touched a shilling of his fortune. What hope could he entertain from the integrity of a lady whose infidelity he had already experienced. He was resigning himself to despondency, when he received a message from M. de l'Enclos; in consequence of which he made her a visit, reported the conduct of his friend, and met with this reply: "Sir, says she, I have met also with a great misfortune in your absence, and must throw myself intirely on your indulgence for forgiveness. I have lost"—here she paused,—"the liking I had for you. But I have not lost my memory. The twenty thousand gold crowns that you left in my care, remain untouched in the same casket which you brought them in. Carry them away with you directly, and whenever you afford me the pleasure of another visit, remember that though you have lost a mistress, you have gained a friend."

It would be tedious to recite the succession of amours and intrigues in which she was engaged; sufficient it is, that even her old age attracted admirers, and the god of love might be said to have shot his arrows from the wrinkles of her forehead. At the age of ninety her company was solicited by the young, the gay, the lively, and the witty. In her eightieth year she intangled in her nets the polite abbe Gedoine: in a word, she was the most accomplished mistress that ever adorned the annals of Cytherea.

Such is the substance of these Memoirs, extracted, as we are told, from the *petit Reservoir*, prettily expressed, and ingeniously extended to a considerable bulk by the address of the compiler, who modestly assumes only the name of translator. The remainder of the volumes consists of a series of letters between her and the celebrated St. Evremond and the marquis de Sevigne, many of which we think models in their kind, and no way inferior in wit, ease, and sentiment, to the admired epistles of the elegant marchioness de Sevigne. We shall subjoin a few specimens for the entertainment of our readers. The ensuing letter was written to St. Evremond, after she had completed her fifteenth lustrum, notwithstanding it abounds with the fire and vivacity of youth.

“Your letter has filled my mind with impossible wishes, which I did not think myself any longer capable of. “The days pass away,” as good Des Yveteaux used to say, “in ignorance and idleness; yet unhappily these same days are imputed to account, and swallow up both the persons and things that we are
most

most attached to." You have experienced this last particular in a very severe manner. You formerly said, *that I should die of nothing but reflections*. I endeavour to avoid making any more, and to forget to-morrow the time I have lived to-day. Every one tells me that I have less reason to complain of time than any body; but be this as it may, if any body had proposed such a life to me formerly, I should have hanged myself first. Yet we cling to an ugly body as much as to an handsome one: we love to feel ease and rest.

• I have still a pretty good appetite: I wish heartily that I had an opportunity of trying it with yours, and of talking about all the original characters we have known; the remembrance of whom rejoiceth me more than the presence of a great many people that I every day converse with.

• Monsieur de Clerembaut often asks me whether he resembles his father as to his parts? I tell him, No—But I hope from his self-sufficiency, that he accepts this negative in his favour: and perhaps some people may think so. What comparison between this age, and that we have seen!

• You will soon see Lady Sandwich; but I am afraid that she goes into the country. She knows all that you think of her. She will tell you more news of the country than I can do. She has examined and sounded every thing to the bottom. She perfectly knows all my haunts; and has found the way not to be a stranger here. Adieu.

Good sense and lively humour distinguish the subsequent letter to the marquis de Sevigné.

• How Marquis! Charge me with the care of your education! To guide you in the course you are now to steer! This is really expecting too much for my friendship for you. You know that when a woman who has passed her prime, is observed to pay any particular attention toward a young man, they immediately cry, *She means to enter him into life*; and you are not ignorant of the malicious intimation with which they throw out such kind of expressions.

• I will not, therefore, expose myself to the hazard of such ridicule. All that I can do for your service is to become your confidant: you shall communicate to me every situation of your mind; on each occasion I will freely give you my sentiments, and shall endeavour to assist you in becoming acquainted with your own heart, as well as that of woman.

• Notwithstanding the amusement which I promise myself in this correspondence, I shall not dissemble the difficulties I apprehend in my enterprize. This same heart, which is to be the subject

subject of my letters, is such a composition of contrast, that whoever attempts to treat of it must unavoidably appear to fall into contradictions. We think to grasp it, but *embrace a cloud*. A very camelion ! viewed in different lights, it exhibits opposite colours ; which, nevertheless, exist together in the same subject.

‘ You must then prepare yourself to hear many singularities, upon which I shall offer you my own conclusions ; and if they should happen to appear to you rather new than just, you are at liberty to rate them accordingly.

‘ I have besides, a delicate scruple about this undertaking ; for I foresee that I can hardly be sincere, without detracting a little from the *romance* of my sex. But you would know what are my opinions about love, and all that relates to it ; and I shall muster up resolution enough to deliver you my thoughts ingenuously upon this subject.

‘ I am to spend this evening at Monsieur de la Rochefoucault’s with La Fontaine and Madame de la Sabliere. If you will be of our party, Fontaine shall entertain you with two new fables, which they say do by no means fall off from the spirit of his former compositions in that way. Prithee meet us, Marquis. But hold——Have I nothing to apprehend from the commerce we are entering into ? Cupid is so sly an urchin ! Let me examine my heart——All safe——’Tis otherwise engaged ; and the sentiments it is affected with toward you, are more a-kin to friendship, than to love. But at the worst, if any such caprice should hereafter happen to seize me, we must endeavour to retrieve ourselves from so unlucky an adventure with the best address we can.

‘ We are going then to enter into a course of morality——Yes, Marquis, of morality. But that this expression may not too much alarm you, we shall engage in no other branch of it but love alone : and this is known to have too great an influence on the manners of mankind, not to deserve a particular study.

‘ This scheme of ours diverts me vastly. But shall I not mortify you sometimes ? This is another of my fears : for you know that I am an unmerciful reasoner when I set about it. With any other kind of heart than my own, I should have made the most rigid philosopher that ever was recorded. Adieu. Let us begin whenever you please.’

Upon the whole, we think this performance deserves, at least, to be recommended as an innocent elegant amusement.

ART. VIII. *Anecdotes relative to Our Affairs in Germany : Carried back to the Debarking of the first British Regiment at Emden ; and brought down to the present critical Time : In a Series of Letters to a noble Lord in ———shire. Authenticated by a Gentleman on the Spot, and confirmed by his Correspondents here, during the War.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Kearsley.

THE word Anecdotes, tho' of Greek original, is so much familiarized in our language, that there is scarce an old lady who has not some *antidote* or other concerning the royal family or her own. To make an anecdote interesting to the public, three things are requisite. First, that the author should be in such a station of life, as gives him an opportunity of being personally acquainted with what he relates : Secondly, that he relates nothing that is repugnant to records, or the standing evidences of history : and, Thirdly, that the anecdote may have some meaning tending to illustrate a fact or character. The anecdotes given us by the earl of Clarendon in his history, if we except the dreadful story of the apparition of Sir George Villiers, have all those characters very strongly stamped upon them. We ought not, perhaps, to say so much for those of bishop Burnet ; for if a reader discovers one anecdote to be false, he has a right to disbelieve or doubt of all the rest.

The author of the pamphlet now before us, if we examine his performance by the criterions we have laid down, will not appear unexceptionable. At the same time, we cannot help thinking that he has been very conversant in the subject he treats of. The secret correspondence between the duke of Marlborough and the projector, mentioned pages 6, 7, &c. carries with it very suspicious marks ; and indeed seems to be calculated for the purpose of reflecting dishonour upon a nobleman who is now at the head of the army ; and whose only misfortune it is to be taken for a Frenchman by birth, chiefly, we apprehend, because of the French termination of his name. The freedom which our author affects, with the chit chat of wit quotations, and *all that*, is as far different from true wit and humour as, to use Mr. Hogarth's comparison, the easy sway of an Antinous is from the starched attitudes of a dancing-master. But what is worst of all, the *cui bono* is sometimes wanting ; for we cannot see the least historical purpose that the anecdote, admitting it to be true, can serve, but to puzzle. His history of prince Immen of Georgia may be truly called a *bold stroke* ; but we shall not rank it with Mr. Bays's army concealed at Knightsbridge. Page 15, he mentions the earl M——nt as having been ambassador at the court of Berlin, but we cannot recollect any such ambassador ; and he supposes that lord L——n's

L——n's literary correspondence might bring about an alliance with Prussia. This is *anecdote-hunting* with a vengeance. The sneer which our author in the same page makes his Prussian majesty bestow on the British nation is worse than any fore-castle joke. We have nothing else to reprehend in our author's anecdotes concerning the king of Prussia, till we come to p. 29, where he ascribes all that great monarch's masterly accomplishments, to an academy of jailbirds at Kultrin, where he tells us his majesty was imprisoned. His anecdotes, for ten or twelve pages farther, are diverting, and the reflections sometimes just; but we think they would not have appeared with less propriety, if they had not been garnished, as they commonly are, with shreds of quotations from Shakespear, and other eminent English poets. His anecdotes concerning the Prussian flag, p. 45, are plausible, and serve to clear up a great deal of otherwise unintelligible history; but we cannot help thinking our author's matter multiplies so greatly, that it takes from his perspicuity; nor can we persuade ourselves that he is entirely free from personal resentment against the late governor of Embden. We are as little satisfied of the importance of many of his anecdotes to p. 61. We are sorry to observe that there is but too much truth, in his calling the report of the general bankruptcy of France, and that king's mustering his subjects plate for coinage, as political a stroke as ever was practised, since it is now evident that their distress was not real.

Our author's reflections, p. 70, &c. upon his Prussian majesty's expedition to Saxony, represent him in no favourable light, either as a king, a gentleman, or, indeed, a man; but our author should not have questioned, or rather sunk, as he has done, the strong provocations which his Prussian majesty had for that expedition; and which, notwithstanding all our author has said, he fairly published to all the world. As to the havoc occasioned by the Prussian invasion of that electorate, we cannot imagine it to have been greater than what other countries suffer on the like occasions; and if we are to believe the printed accounts, even by authority, it was not near so great. Pages 91, 92, &c. our author is not quite so happy in his anecdotes, especially with regard to the late earl-marshal of Scotland; nor do we recollect that his lordship ever wore the order of St. George at the court of Versailles; a circumstance our author should have been very well assured of, before he advanced it so peremptorily as he does. We are sorry to say that his observations upon the frauds and extortions committed by the British commissariate abroad appear to be but too well founded.

Our author would greatly oblige the public, if he would inform it who the great cardinal Rochfoucault is, whom he is so fond of quoting, p. 121, &c. for we do not recollect any great author of that name but the duke. In p. 124, our author has an observation, which we shall give to our readers, the rather because it is no anecdote, which is, 'That the king of Prussia, who prizes himself on knowing the very *precordia* of all his court in *particular*, and mankind in *general*, is oftener *deceived* therein, and disappointed, than any man living.—At first sight, by a strange kind of pretended *presentiment*, he *bates*, or *admires*—his affections are *eager*, his resentments *vehement*.—The great Voltaire found both of these in an eminent degree—and no man living knows him *better*.'

In some of the subsequent parts of our author's performance, he does not seem quite to support his character of an anecdote writer; because we are of opinion that an anecdote, to deserve that name, ought to be a hitherto unpublished matter of fact. We must, however, do our author the justice to say, that his narrative is very entertaining, and we have reason to believe a great part of it is true. The animadversions we have made upon the whole of his performance are not intended to discourage the reader from perusing it; for even the most enlightened one may be improved by it, though we could almost venture to say, that the author is not a gentleman of the red cloth. The reader may consult p. 161, where he may be enabled to judge the colour of the author's cloaths. We shall close this account with a melancholy, but I am afraid, a too just reflection of our author, in the last page of his performance.

'It will (says he) be a melancholy sight, on the relanding of our troops, to see a diminution of perhaps *half*, if my letters inform me well, of our *men* and *horses*, without accounting for that so serious a deduction, by any other method than the wicked supplies of *commissaries*,—who have done more by keeping us from our *provisions*, than *Broglio* or *Soubize* were ever capable of performing with one hundred and twenty thousand men, and their pretended invincibles the *gens d'armes* and *carabiniers* of France.'

ART. IX. *The Nuptials. A Didactic Poem. In Three Books.*
4to. Pr. 2s. 6d. Flexney.

THE Critical Reviewers are too frequently reduced to the disagreeable necessity of combating the opinions of the multitude, and exposing the applause, misplaced by caprice, on writers of no merit, to let slip so favourable an opportunity of recommending neglected genius to notice, and rescuing from
oblivion

oblivion and contempt, the elegant production of a bashful muse. Several weeks have elapsed since the publication of the poem now under consideration; and, notwithstanding the public curiosity was never more eager in search of new entertainment, yet not a friendly whisper hath wafted the fame of our bard beyond the shop of his bookseller, though we may venture to affirm, that it deserves to be handed down to posterity with the names of the best didactic poets of the present age. It is possible that the title of *Nuptials*, given to this performance, has occasioned its being overlooked, amidst the multiplicity of insipid compliments lately paid to the sovereign; and we should be glad to ascribe the poet's hard fate to any other cause than the general want of discernment, or the servile complaisance of a free people to the undistinguishing patronage of tasteless grandeur. Time was when the obscure haunt of the muse was visited by the minister, and even by the sovereign; when genius was cherished and employed in the service of the public. Addison, Swift, Prior, Congreve, and Gay, are instances, to the credit of our national taste, of the regard which power expressed for merit in those days, while a writer of the present times contents himself with the patronage of a bookseller, and is happy if the sale of his performance should, in any degree, raise his credit with his employer, and enhance the price of the next copy. Even this satisfaction has been denied the author of the *Nuptials*, a poem teeming with sublime ideas, harmonious numbers, beautiful images, just reflections, and a diction extremely poetical, though not raised upon those stilts which are generally thought necessary to support the dignity of blank verse, and elevate it above prosaic writing. In many places our bard has caught the spirit of Milton, and imitated the variety of his numbers, without having recourse to the innovations of that astonishing genius, and the multitude of unnecessary Hebraisms, Hellenisms, and Latinisms, with which he thought proper to give a classical air to his poetical production. It required all the powers of genius to sustain our author's subject, as nothing can be more trite than precepts laid down for the conduct of matrimonial happiness. As our limits will not admit of entering upon a regular criticism, we must satisfy ourselves with presenting the general argument to the reader, and then confirming our judgment of the execution by a few detached specimens.

After the proposition:

‘ In pathless ways, which never foot of muse,
British, or Roman, or the genius of old
Of mighty Greece essayed, the roving bard
Steps forth; from mount Parnassian, or the mead,
Where glide the storied streams of Helicon,

Plucking each fragrant green, each painted flower,
To form the wreath for Hymen's honoured brow.'

and an invocation, extremely poetical, the poet proceeds to describe the imperfect happiness of man in the primæval state, before woman was created, and marriage enjoined, the fitness and propriety of which he demonstrates by various arguments, deduced from the consideration of man's nature, appetites, and inclinations. Here he equally displays the powers of the poet, and of the philosopher; relieving the attention by the story of Tarquin and Lucretia, which he introduces by way of episode, in compliment to conjugal fidelity. He then describes the baneful effects of indiscriminate matches, the necessity of building happiness on the mutual good sense of the parties, and recommends that each should follow the dictates of their own judgment and fancy, rather than the general estimation of wit, beauty, and other natural accomplishments. He remonstrates upon the absurdity of marrying from motives of interest, where the disparity of ages, dispositions, and education, forbid an union of hearts, yet without renouncing prudence; to evince the necessity of which he describes the misery of the nuptial state under the pressure of poverty or contempt. He accounts philosophically, why disgust in either party should prove the cause of sterility, or at least of a puny offspring, and draws the most amiable picture of the lusty health and sturdy vigour of peasants children, whose marriages are chiefly regulated by inclination, without a view to sordid purposes. He then evinces, that passion and religion are the only barriers against infidelity in the connubial state, and concludes the book with demonstrating how short, imperfect, and delusive are the pleasures flowing from illicit love, that always terminate in remorse.

Our author enters upon the second book with admiring the universality of the passion of love, which equally subdues the breast of the hero, the poltroon, the philosopher, and the ignorant rustic. Marriage he regards as a refinement on love, and lays down a doctrine of temperaments, or certain prognostics, whereby the qualities of the mind are, in some measure, deducible from the features and complexion of the body, giving cautions, however, against an indiscriminate reliance on observations that must frequently prove fallacious. Again, he enforces the necessity of a familiarity of dispositions in the contracting parties, enlarges on the miseries consequent on the neglect of this particular, illustrates his precepts by a variety of apt and pretty episodes, and closes the second book, with shewing the danger of yielding to the first impulse of fancy, without consulting the judgment.

As to the third book, it consists chiefly of an invocation, the description of characters unfit to impart connubial bliss, invectives against the sordid custom of proportioning dowries and jointures with arithmetical exactness, and making a traffic of hearts; the poem concluding with an apostrophe to liberty, encomiums on the revival of a national militia, the description of a rural wedding, and a carol duet, sung by two of the swains present at the entertainment, which we think beautifully simple.

We shall now discharge our promise of entertaining the reader with a few extracts.

Speaking of mutual inclination as the source of connubial happiness, the poet adds the following reflection, which evinces a strong and manly turn for satire.

‘ ————— Fly swift, ye hours ;
Till six revolving moons from weeds redeem
Cælia, the blooming widow of threescore.
Oh ! guard your hearts, fond youths, ’gainst Cælia’s charms.
Though palsy shake her limbs, to trick those limbs
Persia profuse her lustrous hoards unlocks ;
For her the silkworm toils, the miner sweats :
Whilst in gay glittering car superb she rolls
With her new-liveried train. So have I seen,
Mantled in velvet stole, with ’scutcheons trim
And feathered plumes bedeck’d, the last poor farce
Of crest-fallen pride, a hearse move stately by ;
On the sepulchral equipage agape
All gazing hang ; such splendor beams without :
Within a pallid carcase stinks in state.’

The simile at the end may be thought borrowed from a similar reflection in the earl of Dorset’s poems. There is something exceedingly poetical in the subsequent illustration of the miseries consequent on ill-matched dispositions.

‘ Ah, Lælius, say, what star, malignant ruled,
When hoodwink’d fortune fix’d your vagrant eye,
By some ill magic guiled, on Cælia’s charms.
He loved to mingle in the flow of souls,
The circling glass, with moderation crown’d,
Wit-gendering ; loved the generous open friend,
And wit and virtue’s every friend was his.
But Cælia’s thunder-pointed tongue, and brow
Contracted ever, to sad exile doomed
His pitying friends, and ruled with iron sway.
Now trim and dainty every room appear’d,
Unsoil’d each floor with the intruding feet

Of learn'd good men ; whom erst his bounty fed,
 And soul admired. All 'round was splendid void ;
 Save where the unmolested spider wove
 His gin, insidious of the vagrant fly :
 Or haply in the curtain's flowing folds
 Safe slept the sluggish moth. The midnight glare
 Of waxen taper now no longer lures
 The fluttering insect from its covert hold,
 And dooms to perish in a flood of light :
 Cælia, how just an emblem of thyself ;
 How true an emblem, Lælius, of thy fate !
 Lured by the torch, that in her radiant eye
 Love brandish'd, he pursued the fraudulent light,
 The fraudulent light enjoyed, and was undone.'

We could with the epithet *fraudful*, which is repeated in the two last lines, were supported by good authority.

One extract more, we hope, will suffice, to convey an idea of the merit of a poem so long and undeservedly neglected.

' Better celibacy than such a mate ;
 Far better, Stracey, with some gay good friend
 Open and free to wing the flying hours
 With social converse, banquet of the mind.
 What tho' no fondling teasing fair enchains
 In the soft lap of ignominious ease
 Thy soul entranced ; what tho' no prattling boy
 With amiable impertinence salutes
 Thy ear paternal, climbs the well-known knee,
 And haply with some little rival strives
 To gain an envied kiss. Has fame no charms ?
 Shall syren ease the soul uxorious win
 From virtue's active chase ? Is there no joy
 In friendship's generous powers ? Feels the rapt mind
 No pleasure in the pleasures of a friend ;
 Imparts no fond delight, with lenient hand
 To smooth his swell of care ? Better I deem
 Lord of my own desires, from Hymen's courts
 To live an exile, than to live a slave
 To a capricious fair ; than to behold
 Unpitied avarice in an angel-form
 'Gainst merit bar th' inhospitable door,
 While sacrificed to love, benevolence
 Shrinks like a shrivell'd flower ; whose beams should shine
 Diffusive bright, as the meridian sun.'

If such incoherent detached specimens are capable of affording pleasure to the reader, he may judge of the satisfaction he is to expect from the perusal of the whole poem, which is well sustained, and combined with great address and genius.

ART. X. *A short Account of the most common Diseases incident to Armies. With the Method of Cure. Translated from the Original of Baron Van Swieten, Physician to their Imperial Majesties. 12mo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Becket and Hondt.*

TO those military practitioners who have not Dr. Pringle's excellent treatise on the diseases of the army, this may be an useful companion. In the preface the author advises, that the tyro, or fresh-listed soldier, should be gradually intured to exercise and fatigue, by means of amusement and diversion: that he should be supplied with garden-stuff, fresh greens, and ripe fruit, in moderation: that he should drink pure water, or, if this cannot be procured, correct the bad water with vinegar, or an infusion of calamus aromaticus: that he should be well clothed and shod; that camps should, if possible, be pitched on dry and high grounds, at a good distance from woods or morasses: that the tent-straw should be often changed; and that, in wet weather, the tents should be surrounded with ditches.

‘ When an army (says he) remains long in the same camp, the unwholesome effluvia from so many bodies always occasion sickness, unless there happens to be violent and frequent winds. These exhalations are mostly to be feared in a hot and moist air. The changes of camps, on this account, contribute much to the health of the soldier, more especially when the bloody flux prevails. Hence arises one reason the more for avoiding the neighbourhood of thick forests, which prevent the free passage of the winds.

‘ Nothing is more prejudicial to the soldier, when heated with work, than to strip, expose himself to the cool air, and greedily drink cold water, and especially well-water, which commonly is very much so. River water is less hurtful, as the rays of the sun, to which it is constantly exposed, prevent its being so cold.

‘ Care must be taken, during the great heats, that the soldier on duty should remain exposed to the heat of the sun as little as possible, and that he avoid sleeping there. The cuirassiers, especially, when once their cuirass is thoroughly heated, are those who suffer most by the sun.

‘ Neatness cannot be too much insisted on. Let soldiers frequently wash their hands, their face, and their feet; and if the season permits, let them bathe as much as possible in running water.

‘Great care ought to be taken not to lodge many men together in a small space; and if it cannot be avoided, let the air be at least renewed as often as it can, whether those who lodge together are in health or sickness; for from hence arise the most dangerous, and even the contagious distempers.

‘The bread ought to be well baked, and made of good and pure flour; for it is certain, that very dangerous distempers are occasioned by musty or spoiled bread.’

In this performance baron Van Swieten treats of coughs, fore throat, the pleurisy, peripneumony, rheumatism, intermitting fevers, autumnal intermittents, quartan fevers, jaundice, dropsy, vomiting, cholera morbus, diarrhea, dysentery, inflammation of the intestines, phrenitis, hæmorrhage from the nostrils, continued fever, scurvy, gangrene, lues venerea, itch, and worms. These, tho’ not accurately classed, are the disorders most incident to an army in actual service.

The prescriptions are numbered at the end of this little treatise, and to these numbers the description of the different diseases are occasionally referred. The method of cure is, in general, conformable to reason, and the practice of the most approved physicians: yet in some cases we think it might be rendered more effectual. For example, in a troublesome cough, a vomit after bleeding is found very efficacious in giving a gentle shock to the constitution, and an oscillation to the solids, by which little obstructions are removed, and a free perspiration promoted. In a dangerous angina a blister will often prove serviceable, after all that is here prescribed shall have failed; and in the malignant sore throat, the immediate application of a vesicatory is almost always attended with success. In the pleurisy and peripneumony, when evacuations have failed, the pulse sinks, and the throat rattles, it may be necessary to administer volatiles, and blisters applied to the back, rather than to the calves of the legs, because those inter scapulas will make a more immediate revulsion for the relief of the lungs. In rheumatic disorders, after venæsection, if the fever is not high, a smart dose of jallap with calomel will often carry off the disorder. In intermitting fevers, we are of opinion, he delays the bark too long. In some countries, such as Virginia, where the ague is endemial, the patient begins to take the bark immediately after the first accession, without any previous evacuation; but this is being rather too precipitate. Eight fits of the quartan ague, which our author advises to see past, before the bark is given, will often destroy the patient. In the jaundice we would advise so much succotrine aloes to be mixed with the Venice soap, as will keep the body open. In the anasarca,

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the most effectual purge we know is calomel with jallap; and to the infusion of squills, we would add a quantity of broom-ashes. In the cholera morbus, he says, every emetic is to be avoided; but we have seen this disorder forty times removed by a gentle vomit of ipecacuan. In dysenteries we have known the same root, given in small quantities, do wonders. In the desperate state of the phrenitis we would have recourse to blisters. In the common itch, nothing farther is required than an ointment made of brimstone and butter. In the worms, he has omitted the pulvis jovis, which we know to be a powerful antielmintic. We shall only add, that the testaceous powders, which our author prescribes in fevers, Dr. Pringle found, by repeated experiments, to be powerful promoters of putrefaction.

With respect to the translation, the sense of the original seems to be preserved, though the elegance is entirely evaporated, and the translator appears to be no great connoisseur in the English language. The reader may consult the Crit. Review for May, where this work was treated as a foreign article.

ART. XI. *Fables for Grown Gentlemen: or, A Fable for every Day in the Week.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Doddsley.

IF we might be allowed to judge, from the oddity, humour, and originality of these pieces, we should ascribe them to that facetious genius, which so agreeably diverted the public with the Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy.

If we consider them as fables, they seem to be a little deficient in simplicity, conciseness, perspicuity, and regularity of measure. With respect to the last, the verse hobbles strangely in lines of different length, confusedly ranged, from fourteen to two syllables, and some of them made up of such incongruent quantities, as seem to deviate from every appearance of poetical harmony. For example:

‘ Now this petition shew’d how the petitioner——
——of the revenues of the ocean——
——and shackling their feet in shoes——
——luxury in a state is a disease——
——either by appointment or by chance——
——we are not thy children, cried a pert, young squab, &c.’

That the sense is not always very perspicuous, will appear by this quotation:

‘ ’Tis a determin’d case,
None but ourselves can occupy our place.

For this same reason, physical and clear,
 Each individual of us all
 Is that same phoenix, without any peer,
 On this terrestrial ball.'

First, it is a determined case, that none but ourselves can occupy our place,—This is somewhat in the stile of that line, celebrated in the essay on the bathos :

“None but himself can be his parallel.”

But, no offence to our author, we apprehend it is no such physical impossibility, that one man should occupy the place of another. Indeed, nothing is so common as a change of places : —the deduction is not so extraordinary. Because none but ourselves can occupy our place, therefore each individual is a phoenix without a peer.—This is such a multiplication of phoenixes, as will make them come cheaper than easterlings or plover.

As a specimen of this poet's manner, we shall insert part of the first fable, intituled, *The River with a Petition.*

'Tis thus the Highlander complains,
 'Tis thus the union they abuse
 For binding their back-sides in chains,
 And shackling their feet in shoes :
 For giving them both food and fewel,
 And comfortable cloaths,
 Instead of cruel oat-meal gruel ;
 Instead of rags and heritable blows.
 Luxury every day grows stronger ;
 The Highland fair,
 Beholds her lover now no longer ;
 Trotting with his buttocks bare.

Thus doctor Brown was taken with the spleen,
 And fancied we were all undone,
 Raving about a carpet and a screen,
 And out of temper with the sun :

Because it is a crime,
 As he supposes,

For men to run in winter time
 Into the sun to warm their noses.

'Tis an egregious want of sense,
 A want of taste and want of shame,
 To fancy universal affluence
 And luxury the same.

In spite of doctor Brown's discerning,
 The term of universal will agree,
 As well with his benevolence and learning,
 As universal suit with luxury.

He may perceive, if he be so inclin'd,
 Like his discernment, luxury's confin'd.
 For as the gout torments the hands and feet,
 To ease the nobler stomach and the head,
 So luxury, to gratify the great,
 Insults and robs the labourer of his bread.
 Luxury in a state is a disease,
 Because 'tis partial and obstructed wealth,
 But universal affluence and ease
 Is universal happiness and health.'

If the poor Highlander's backside be bound in chains, we think he has some reason to complain. If the author himself was, like a monkey, chained to the chimney-corner by the backside, he might afford some diversion to Margery the cook-maid; but it is to be supposed he would not much relish the restraint. We are afraid the propriety of sentiment is not always scrupulously observed; and that he confounds luxury with convenience, in saying, luxury every day grows stronger among the Highlanders, because they no longer trot with their buttocks bare. We cannot help observing, by the bye, that it is become fashionable to introduce our neighbours of North Britain as the standing joke of the times; of these times too, while their blood is fast flowing in the service of their country; while their valour and fidelity are shining with a peculiar lustre; and while, in every respect, the character of their nation is deserving uncommon approbation and esteem. This laudable fashion of exhibiting Scotsmen even on the public stage, as fools and scoundrels, was some years ago introduced by the ingenious Mr. Foote. Macruthen was so acceptable to the public, that his success (we suppose) encouraged the celebrated Mr. Macklin, another great genius, to produce the character of Sir Archy Mackfarcaism, to the infinite entertainment of the audience.

A fable, we apprehend, ought to be free from all obscurity, or allusion to any thing that is not generally known. To understand this fable, we must not only enquire about the union and its consequences, but also study the works of doctor Brown; and who this doctor Brown is, or what his works are, many will be at a loss to know. The fabulist says, it is impossible that luxury in any nation can be universal. If he means that every individual cannot possibly be luxurious, we see no impossibility even in that; but by the word universal, we suppose doctor Brown means the majority of the nation; and so far we are of his opinion: for we see every day and every hour, repeated instances and marks of luxury even among the lowest class of the people. We might in the next place animadvert on the scope of this fable, seemingly designed to shew the folly and ingratitude in
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complaining of that corruption or impurity, which are the necessary concomitants or consequences of wealth or affluence: This may be a sound maxim in commerce; but we take it to be a bad lesson in morality, which is the chief, if not the only, aim of apologue.

ART. XII. *Sermons on several Subjects and Occasions.* By George Fothergill, D. D. late Principal of St. Edmund-hall, Oxford. 8vo. Pr. 5s. Rivington.

THESE excellent sermons will be extremely acceptable to every lover of religion. Discourses in its favour by a man whose whole life has been spent in recommending it by his example, must acquire a double weight, and will be heard by every serious person with some degree of reverence. The abilities of the author have long been known to the public by several occasional sermons*. It will therefore be unnecessary for us to spend much time in characterising his stile, or the manner of his composition. It will be sufficient for us to assure our readers, that, in the volume now before us, they will find the same nervous language and strong sense; the same correct judgment and force of reasoning; the same weight and variety of matter; the same warmth of rational and unaffected piety, by which his former discourses were recommended to the favour of the public.

Instead of giving various extracts from different parts of this volume, we shall, after mentioning the subject of every sermon, lay before our readers a copious account of one single discourse; by which they will not only be enabled to form a better judgment of the author's stile and sentiments, than they could do from detached passages, but they will likewise have a specimen of his method, they will see his manner of pursuing an argument, the chain and connection of sentiments, and his manner of working them up into one regular composition, which alone shews the great master.

The subjects treated of in this volume are: 1. The importance of a religious principle to personal virtue and happiness; from Ps. xxxvii. 31. 2. The scripture motives to goodness vindicated; from 1. Tim. iv. 8, &c. 3. The moral influence of temporal and eternal motives considered and compared; from Mat. vi. 33. 4. The profitableness of godliness illustrated;

* Nine sermons on several occasions have been published by the same author, which may be had singly or together; as appears by an advertisement at the end of this volume.

from 1. Tim. iv. 8. 5. The pleasantness of a good life; from Prov. iii. 17. 6. The honourableness of a good life; from Prov. iv. 8. 7. The excellency of Christian knowledge a motive to steadfastness; from Phil. iv. 1. 8. The purpose for which the son of God was manifested; from John iii. 8. 9. How the manifestation of the Son of God is fitted to answer this gracious purpose; from the same text. 10. The prudence of regulating the desire of great things; from Jerem. xlv. 5. 11. The case of uncharitable censure considered; from Titus iii. 2. 12. The nature of heavenly-mindedness, and the danger of some habits repugnant to it; from Coloss. iii. 2. 13. God the giver of rain and fruitful seasons; and the uses we ought to make of that consideration; from Acts xiv. 17. 14. The influence of piety on the conduct of human life; from Prov. iii. 5, 6. 15. The nature of Christian watchfulness, and its necessity, from the uncertainty of life; from Mat. xxv. 13. 16. Man's ignorance of the time of his own death, considered and vindicated; from Mark xiii. 32.

In the sermon on this text, Jer. xlv. 5. *Seekest thou great things for thyself? Seek them not.* After a spirited introduction, and a short explanation of the text, he proposes; 1. To explain the real import, and to adjust the extent, of the advice itself. 2^{dly}, To illustrate the reasonableness of it, so explained and limited. And then, 3^{dly}, To apply the considerations before offered to the regulation of our practice. First, "By great things may in general be understood any of those advantages in an eminent measure or degree, on account of which men are pleased with themselves, or respected by others. But are we, then, allowed to seek none of these? Can an ambition to excel be, in itself, blameable or criminal? No surely; but rather the contrary: at least, like other affections, in a moral estimate, this must take its denomination from circumstances; such as the quality of its object, and the means and intention with which it is exerted. The superior advantages now under consideration may be, either such as are inherent in us, and as it were parts of ourselves; or such as are extrinsical and adventitious to us." After observing that bodily advantages can be no proper objects of an ambitious pursuit, he proceeds, "But the great things of the understanding are better fitted at once to answer and to reward the pains of a regular pursuit: and these, we may be sure, cannot in themselves be an improper object of the attention and search of rational beings: so far otherwise, that high attainments in learning must needs be ornamental and commendable wheresoever they are found, especially in persons, at whose mouths the people are to seek information in any branch of science, whose lips should accordingly keep knowledge.

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They must incur the imputation of folly, in the sight both of God and man, who, by the munificence of those who have gone before them, enjoy the opportunity of a liberal and learned education, if, *when there is a price put into their hands to get wisdom,* they should be found to *have no heart to it.* “Whether the cultivation of our intellectual powers in this imperfect state will, even naturally, be of considerable advantage to our glorified spirits, in taking in those larger measures of knowledge which will hereafter be communicated to them,” I presume not to say. Thus much we are sure of, because thus much we feel, that truth is, by the present constitution of our natures, an object as agreeable to the eye of our minds, as light to that of our bodies. And justly might we from hence have concluded, that a love of truth must be approved by the great author of our faculties, and a laborious pursuit after eminent degrees of it proportionably rewarded by him; though the extensive learning of Moses, the accurate skill in natural productions of Solomon, and the eloquence of Apollos, had not been recorded with commendation; nor the forcible reasoning and the other illustrious accomplishments of St. Paul, exemplified in those scriptures which were given by the inspiration of God.—Not but that the caution in my text may profitably be applied to the case now before us. For *seekest thou the great things of knowledge and erudition?* Dost thou, in confidence of thy own industry and abilities, *haste to rise up early and late take rest, and eat the bread of carefulness;* without ever applying for a blessing to that *Father of lights, from whom this and every good gift cometh?* Art thou so wholly intent upon enriching thy mind with speculative science, as to neglect the acquisition of far greater things, such as goodness of temper, singleness of heart, purity of affections, and the like; which are even at present, incomparably more valuable and ornamental; and which, *when prophecy shall fail, when tongues shall cease, when what we now accounted knowledge shall vanish away,* we are assured shall never fail? or, being zealous of superior gifts, seekest thou to excell, in order to serve the purposes of vanity and ostentation, by combating established doctrines, or pulling down established characters, rather than to promote the glory of God, the edifying of his church, and the benefit of mankind? Dost thou in this manner, or for such ends as these, seek the great things of the understanding? Seek them not.

‘ Again: if we pass on to advantages extrinsical to us; the caution in the text must not be understood as discouraging all endeavours to advance our credit and reputation in the world; much less as condemning all concern for the good opinion of others. Man is not only an intelligent, but a social being;
nor

nor is the discovery of truth more agreeable to him in the former capacity, than a consciousness of the esteem of those about him is in the latter. Reputation is in fact the great instrument by which a man is capable either of receiving any good from the world, or of doing any good in it. His most generous and tenderest designs will be thwarted, his best actions suspected, his most friendly advice and tenderest reproofs misconstrued and slighted, unless his person be esteemed and his character revered. So valuable a property then as a good name may well deserve to be guarded with care: nay, we may surely be allowed to seek for eminent degrees of regard from those about us, in order to be of more eminent advantage to them. These considerations, to which many others might be added, recommend the care of reputation to all Christians in general. Need I observe with what peculiar force they plead for a degree of tenderness, and even jealousy of it, in those orders, or societies of Christians, who are from the nature of their profession, or the end of their institution, the salt of the earth; and are as such concerned by example as well as instruction, to promote virtue and piety amongst mankind. Their usefulness to the public depend so greatly on the esteem they stand in, that they must be not only *careful to maintain good works*, but watchful *lest their good be evil-spoken of*. Much regard must be paid by them to the sentiments, some even to the prejudices, of those they have to do with.— Yet here also some use may be made of the caution under our consideration. For, seekest thou the reputed great things of extensive fame, of popular acclamations, of vain glory? Art thou anxiously fearful of the reproaches of men, and eagerly solicitous that all men should speak well of thee? Dost thou, in consequence of this, merely attempt to recommend thyself to the multitude, by low and trifling qualifications; to bad men of higher rank, by base flattery and sordid compliances; and to mankind in general, by a vain affectation of appearing, rather than a real endeavour to be good? Art thou in short more studious to secure the praise of men than the praise of God; and ready upon occasion to please men, even at the expence of thy allegiance to Christ? Dost thou thus seek the great things of fame and popularity? Seek them not.

* Once more: though the caution before us most properly respects the great things of power and grandeur, high titles and exalted stations; yet neither is every desire of this kind absolutely or without exception condemned by it. Magistracy and dominion in the civil society are indispensably necessary to preserve order and happiness among men; and as necessary are authority and rule in the society spiritual, to answer the ends of its institution amongst Christians: and accordingly,
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power is declared to be the ordinance of God in the former; and by the appointment of its divine founder, there are *governments* *, as well as *helps*, *set*, or constituted in the latter. Now in all governments there must be a distinction of stations: some must preside, as well as others be in subjection; and we may be sure, what some must execute, it cannot be the duty of all to decline. The truth is, the same God who hath made a subordination of offices necessary for the purposes of society, doth also endow different persons with abilities respectively suited to the administration of each. And should men thus entrusted, instead of being ready to employ their talents for the purposes for which they were given, resolve to bury them in an inactive and useless retirement: should they, out of apprehension of danger, or fondness of ease, but especially out of sullenness or sourness of temper, refuse to engage in any public office, when their assistance is wanted, and they regularly called upon to give it: such a conduct, far from being commendable, could hardly be excuseable. It would be withholding from the community that share of service which every community hath a right to expect from its members: it would be deserting the post assigned them by providence; and must stand condemned at once by reason and revelation; which agree in assuring us, that as we are not born for ourselves alone, *so none of us liveth*, none ought to live, *unto himself*.

* There is no wheel in the machine of government so inconsiderable, but that it requires to be properly moved; no office in the community so low, but that it is of consequence to the whole to have it well executed. More particularly necessary then must it be, that the higher offices, the more important trusts, should be conducted with integrity and abilities equal to the eminence and importance of them. Much has often depended, and in the nature of things must depend, at critical seasons especially, upon the advancement of men of this character. Besides the other ends of providence served by the promotion of Joseph in the court of Pharaoh, of how great moment were the services he was thereby enabled to perform, not only to that prince, but I will venture to add, (notwithstanding the suggestions of prophane wits or superficial reasoners) to the whole people of Egypt? The great governor of the universe raiseth up extraordinary instruments for extraordinary emergencies; upon which should the persons so pointed out refuse to engage, they would, as far as in them lay, counteract the designs of providence.—But then here most especially applicable is the caution in the text; because here we shall be most in

* Cor. xii. 28.

danger of falling. Our pursuit of the great things of this world may, on various accounts, become blameable and criminal; and it certainly will be such, if we seek any of them purely for their own sakes; if we seek those of them to which our abilities are not equal; if we seek those, for which we are qualified, by methods indirect and dishonourable; or even if in the use of fair means we are impatient of delays, and fretful against others that prove more successful. Seekest thou then, in any of these ways, to raise thyself to a situation of eminence and dignity? Dost thou in particular, make honour and promotion thy chief aim, thy proper end; pursuing it, not in order to promote the glory of God, and the good of mankind, but merely to aggrandize, or, which is yet a meaner view, to enrich thyself; or, which is still the meanest of all, to make provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof? Or, over-rating thy own abilities, dost thou aspire to offices of trust or power without the qualifications requisite for discharging them with credit to thyself and advantage to others? Or, instead of entering in by the door of real merit and usefulness to the public, dost thou attempt to climb up some other way, by the various arts of circumvention and detraction, of flattery and prostitution? Or, art thou peevish and querulous upon every disappointment of thy otherwise lawful pursuits, importunate and clamorous against those who are able to promote thee to honour, and envious against others who step in before thee? Seekest thou thus the great things of station and pre-eminence? Seek them not.

Let me just observe farther; that, if the caution before us leaves room for the exercise, and even the desire, of power and authority, in persons duly qualified for, and regularly called to them; it must also, for the same reason, allow of such outward marks of distinction, as may be necessary to secure the very ends for which power and authority themselves are instituted among men. The greatest things in this world are in truth so little, that there is need of much art to conceal their real condition, and, by a kind of borrowed greatness, to conciliate a proper veneration from those who most want to be awed by them. Hence even wise men when in authority, how much soever they may despise all pomp and pageantry, will notwithstanding submit to the use of something of this kind: at the same time amidst the splendour, guarding against the pride, of life, always remembering that the brightest ornaments of a high station are of a different kind; that to answer the character of a worthy magistrate, they must *put on righteousness and let it cloath them*, whilst judgment must be unto them as a robe and a diadem: and that even sacredness of profession, added to dignity of station,

station, will after all be insufficient, without sanctity of manners, to render *the garment of holiness* truly honourable.

‘Upon the whole: the desire condemned in the text, is not a desire of any thing perfective in our nature, or suited to the dignity of it; nor yet of any thing necessary to preserve the order, or to promote the happiness of the world about us: in other words, the desire of great things is not in itself discountenanced, but only in the misapplication or the misconduct of it.’

[To be continued.]

ART. XIII. *The History of our Customs, Aids, Subsidies, National Debts and Taxes, from William the Conqueror to the present Year 1761. Part IV. and last. 8vo. Pr. 2s. Kearsly.*

WE gave an account of the preceding parts of this useful performance in former Numbers *. In this part the author begins with enumerating the taxes subsisting at the beginning of the reign of his late majesty king George II. making in the whole eighty-nine different kinds, ‘many of which branches, the writer observes, affect a great variety of sorts of goods; and the laws relating to them make by far the greatest part of the *many large folio volumes of statutes*, that have been enacted *since* the revolution; whereas all the statutes, from the beginning of our monarchy, to that *famous æra*, are (including the original French and Latin, and the English translation) contained in *two folio volumes*, of which those that relate to taxes, make but a very inconsiderable part.’

In this part are several spirited animadversions on the acts, and ways and means for raising money. In some places too we meet with some humour; thus, on the statute of 16 Geo. II. c. 8. intitled, *An act for repealing certain duties on spirituous liquors, and on licences for retailing the same, and for laying other duties on spirituous liquors, and on licences to retail the said liquors*, the writer observes, that ‘by this act the high prohibiting duties on spirituous liquors, and upon licences for retailing the same, were all abolished, and such moderate duties imposed, after Lady-day, 1743, as might raise a considerable revenue, *without lessening the consumption*, or even the *immoderate* use of such liquors; for which reason the bill was strenuously opposed by our bishops, as it was plainly an incroachment upon the church; for it shewed that our ministers had resolved to raise money for the public service upon the *sins*, as well as upon the luxuries and necessities of the people; whereas, before this time, none but the clergy ever attempted to sell indulgences, or to raise money

* See Crit. Rev. for June, August, and October last.

upon the sins of the people. In times of popery, when public stews, and common prostitutes, were to be rated, our histories well inform us, that all those about London were under the jurisdiction of the bishop of Winchester, and obliged to keep within his liberty in Southwark, called *the Clink*, from a little bell they had for regulating the time when those shops of lewdness were to be opened and shut. However, as the king is now head of our church, he has a right to raise money upon the sins of the people; and, as it was foreseen, that a plentiful revenue would from hence arise, therefore, notwithstanding the opposition of all our Lords spiritual, the bill passed into a law.'

On the statute of 32 Geo. II. c. 35, *for augmenting the salaries of the judges, &c.* we meet with the following curious piece of antiquity. 'Here we cannot forbear taking notice of a remarkable petition, 18 Hen. VI. [A. D. 1430.] rot. 27. of the judges of the King's Bench and Common Pleas, the justices of assize, the king's serjeant, and attorney (there was no solicitor-general till Ed. IVth's time) complaining of the lord-treasurer Kenwaldmerthe, that he had not paid them their salaries, and given them their robes and usual fees. Upon which they desired that the clerk of the hanaper might pay them out of the first money that came into his hands, and that the collectors and receivers of the great and petty customs, in the ports of London, Bristol, and Kingston upon Hull, may have like power, and be obliged to pay them, without any delay or respite, twice a-year, at Easter and Michaelmas, their respective salaries, and that they may have money for their robes twice a-year, at Christmas and Whitsuntide, according to custom. But the collectors were not to be charged with the payment of these wages, till the clerk of the hanaper had been examined by the lord chancellor, whether he had money to pay the several sums charged on his receipt. This petition was confirmed in parliament, and accordingly writs issued to the treasurer and chamberlains of the Exchequer, to know what were the judges salaries; who returned, that they had usually paid the two chief justices *forty pounds* a-year each, and the other judges *forty marks*: that the justices of assize and king's serjeants had twenty pounds a-year, and the attorney general ten pounds. And these sums were accordingly paid them.'

The writer concludes this part with several curious accounts relative to the revenue, and makes the principal of the national debt on Jan. 11, 1761, to be 110,604,836 *l.* 8 *s.* 2 *d.* and the interest 3,797,673 *l.* 15 *s.* 11 *d.*

FOREIGN ARTICLES.

ART. XIV. *L'Eloge Historique de M. Elle, lu à l'Académie Royale de Prusse.* Berlin.

OUR readers who are acquainted with the merit of our ingenious academician, will undoubtedly be desirous to know something of his family, education, circumstances, studies, and publications; in all which we shall endeavour to gratify their curiosity as far as we are enabled by the historical panegyric before us.

John Theodore Eller de Brockhusen, was born at Pletzau, in the principality of Anhalt-Benburgh, in the year 1689. He was descended from respectable parents, there having been an estate in Westphalia for above a century in his father's family, and his mother being a Livonian of noble birth. Several of his ancestors had served with distinction in a military capacity, and his father quitted the service of the elector of Hanover at the peace of Nimeguen, retiring to Pletzau, a bailliage, of which the prince of Anhalt had given him the government.

The young Eller, whose history we are about to relate, received the first rudiments of education under the direction of a private tutor, maintained by his father; after which he was sent to the university of Quedlinburgh, and thence to Jena, in 1709. His father intended him for the law; but a passion which he expressed for mathematical and physical researches, soon altered that design, and determined the young gentleman to follow the profession of physic. As Jena afforded no opportunity for the study of anatomy, M. Eller was removed to Hall, and soon after to Leyden, to finish his education under the celebrated Albinus, and the learned Sengerd and Boerhaave. From thence he passed to Amsterdam for the advantage of hearing the lectures of Rau, and examining the preparations of Ruysch, persons famous over all Europe for their skill in anatomy and surgery. The former he followed to Leyden, on his being appointed to fill the vacant professorial chair of the ingenious Bidloe, now deceased.

Having quitted Leyden, he spent some time in the mines of Saxony and Hartz, where he perfected his chemical studies, and made astonishing progress in metallurgy and other parts of natural knowledge. On his visiting Paris, he attended several new courses in chemistry, under Lemery and Homberg, while he was pursuing his anatomical studies under the direction of Pecquet, du Verney, Winslow, and acquiring physiological
and

and practical knowledge by the assistance of Astruc, Helvetius, and Jussieu pursuing at the same time chirurgical operations under the eyes of Morand, Pyronie, and Dupont. Though every branch of medical knowledge, and particularly surgery, was successfully practised in Paris, the reputation of Mr. Cheselden's operation for the stone, and the ambition of being known to the immortal Newton, drew Mr. Eller to England, where he arrived in company with the earl of Peterborough, and remained for five months.

Quitting London in 1721, he returned to his own country, and was immediately honoured with the place of first physician to his sovereign, the prince of Anhalt Bernburgh; but this not filling the measure of his ambition, he removed to Magdeburgh, where he soon attracted the notice of the late king of Prussia, by whom he was made physician in ordinary, counsellor of the court, professor of the royal college of physic and surgery at Berlin, physician to the army, and perpetual dean of the superior college of medicine; employments equally honourable and lucrative, which reflected no less credit on the patronage of the monarch, than on the merit of Mr. Eller.

It was now that he began to approve himself worthy of the royal favour, by the learning and address of his numerous publications, and the redoubled diligence which he exerted in his profession. On the accession of his present Prussian majesty, Mr. Eller was promoted to still higher employments; and in the year 1755 was created a privy counsellor, the greatest honour to which he could possibly arrive in his career as a scholar; and the same year he was appointed director of the academy called *Curieux de la nature*, where, according to the custom of the society, he was introduced by the name of Euphorbio. These employments and dignities he retained to the day of his death, which happened towards the close of the year 1759, in the 71st year of his age, while his faculties were unimpaired, and his learning, probity, and candour equally esteemed and admired.

This is the substance of what we meet with in his Eulogie; those who have perused the transactions of the Berlin academy, cannot need farther information relative to the publications and literary merit of M. Eller.

ART. XV. *Du Culte des Dieux Fetiches, ou Parallèle de l'ancienne Idolatrie, avec celle des Peuples de Negritie.* Paris.

THIS parallel between the ancient idolatry and the absurd worship of the negroes, in the interior parts and on the coasts of Africa, is learned, curious, and ingenious, either considered as a piece of criticism, of history, or of philosophy. The author, to whose name we are strangers, demonstrates the depth of his researches into the religious opinions of the ancients, and the great extent of his reading in modern travels and voyages; and though he is deprived of the honour of a place in the Memoirs of the Academy of *Belles Lettres*, for which he intended this piece, we cannot help regarding his merit in a light greatly superior to that of half the correspondents of the society. His remarks on the origin of material gods, and his explication of the manner in which rational creatures fell into so ridiculous a worship, afford great entertainment and instruction; but it would be difficult to present the reader with an intelligible abstract: the curious will meet with something very satisfactory on the same subject, in the seventeenth volume of the Modern Universal History, of which we gave an account in a former Number of our Review.

ART. XVI. *Le Philosophe Payen, ou Pensée de Pline, avec un Commentaire Littéraire et Moral, par M. Formey.* 3 Vol. 12mo. Leide.

THE genius, taste, and erudition of M. Formey, professor at Berlin, never shone more distinguished than in this fine philosophical comment on Pliny the younger. The subject admits of great latitude; it absolutely requires knowledge and talents equally extensive, and our ingenious author has every quality which can be desired in a commentator. A single sentence or thought from the Roman text, furnishes the subject of a fine dissertation; and we may regard this work as a curious collection of essays upon the polite learning, history, character, genius, manners, and customs of the ancients. M. Formey's preface is admirably calculated to entertain and instruct: the manner in which he ridicules the tasteless pedantry of grammarians, and that pile of useless lumber annexed to every page of the editions of the classics, distinguished by the name of *Variorum*, displays a fund of wit, taste, and humour. We have not room to enlarge upon particulars; but we will venture to affirm, that this comment will merit the approbation of the earl of Cork, and

and Mr. Melmouthe, the two best translators of this, and perhaps of any Latin writer, in our language. Subjoined are two pieces of great estimation to the republick of letters; the first, entitled, *Traité des Dieux et du monde par Salluste le Philosophe*, translated from the Greek, with a critical and moral commentary; the second, called *Traité des Sources de la Morale*, explaining how all human duties are founded in nature, and we are led by nature to perform all the duties enjoined by religion. This last piece is by a different hand.

ART. XVII. *Discours sur l'Education*, par M. Vaniere. Paris.

ALL that we find peculiar to this writer, is a declaration of his having discovered a secret of extreme importance to the learned in general, and especially to that class of literati, commonly distinguished by the appellation of hackney-writers. This secret is no other than the art of studying, without meat or drink, for ten successive hours, without feeling any lassitude, decay of strength, or depression of spirits. Our author acquaints us, that he never enjoyed better health than since he practised this art; and we will venture to lay a bet, that many of our young gentlemen at both universities are already in possession of the secret; namely, locking fast their doors, and resigning themselves to a profound nap for the space of time which Mr. Vaniere mentions.

Monthly CATALOGUE.

Art. 18. *Occasional Thoughts on the present German War*. By the Author of *Considerations on the same Subject*. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Wilkie.

THE reputation which this gentleman acquired by his last year's production, could not fail to raise the expectation of the public in favour of this pamphlet, which, in our opinion, abounds with bold and melancholy truths, judicious remarks, and irrefragable arguments, to prove the absurdity and the pernicious consequences of our maintaining such an expensive and ineffectual war in Germany. He observes, that ever since the battle at Minden, the whole force of our efforts has been employed in Germany. With forty millions spent, scarce a single new expedition of any valuable consequence to Britain, was attempted in two years after that time. Instead of sending our forces against Martinico, we have been trifling near home in an

island without harbour and without produce, which we now see, neither our enemies by the loss of it, nor we by the possession of it, have yet found the use of.——While six millions have been spent on the German war, twenty thousand pounds only have been voted for the East-Indian.——Upon comparing the rates of the two treaties, it appears, that Britain pays as much money for twenty-two thousand four hundred and four Hessians, as would have purchased one hundred and forty-two thousand Russians; but that number of Hessians is far from being complete.—He afterwards proves, that we pay by the year for every Hessian soldier at the rate of eighty-one pounds eighteen shillings and three pence, besides the expence of some other contingencies: that the money sent out of the kingdom to maintain about seventeen or eighteen thousand Hessians, exceeds the value of all the ecclesiastical livings in Great Britain.

‘ If the whole number of his majesty’s subjects in Britain, Ireland, and the plantations be reckoned at eleven millions, ten millions at least of these consist of people, who have not forty pound a-year to spend upon themselves. Yet so highly do we rate the service of our German mercenaries, as to set the meanest of them upon the rank of our lower gentry. Wherein had the whole poor of Britain offended, or what had an English day-labourer done against the late parliament, that when he by the sweat of his brow can earn but a shilling a day, he should have even that small pittance taxed, to maintain a foreigner of his own rank at four shillings and six pence a day?——Will the representatives of the Commons of England go on with so unequal a distribution of the public treasure?

‘ In the last war, his Britannic majesty purchased the preservation of the House of Austria, which was effected by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, with the blood of his subjects, and by means of the most important conquests of his crown.——These are not my words, but his late majesty’s. In the language of an admired politician, “ he lavished his treasure, and his troops, and sacrificed the interest of his kingdoms to reinstate that princess in the possession of the inheritance of her fathers.”——Does any one doubt, but that we shall equally condemn ourselves a year after the next peace, if we should make the like sacrifices to another German prince; who probably never had it in his will, certainly never can have it in his power, to do to the crown of Britain any the least service?

‘ Are we then to break our faith with him? No. Let us faithfully perform every thing which our treaties oblige us to, and that we may do without being ruined for him. We have,

’tis

'tis true, by such a treaty as no age can produce an instance of, bound ourselves not to make a peace without him, upon the single condition that he will accept of our money: but there is no treaty subsisting between the two crowns, which obliges us to keep a single English brigade in Germany, nor to continue his subsidy beyond the present month. None, I mean, of those which have been laid before parliament. But it is upon the faith of these only, that all grants have been made of the public treasure; and no minister, it is to be hoped, has ever been so great, as to avow the having first bound the nation by one treaty, and then deceived it by laying another before parliament.'

'What did we not hear from the next sett of patriots, of Hanover councils, a Hanover steerage, and a Hanover rudder. Yet we have now literally freighted a vessel with British gold, and sent ship, freight, rudder, and all to Hanover. The sound of millions is grown familiar to us, and they who regard not accounts, may perhaps weigh our expences in the lump. I speak not upon guess, but on strict arithmetic. The best built ship of five hundred tons will not carry the weight of pure gold, which this whole war has cost us.'

We are sorry we have not room to analyse more particularly the composition and contents of a pamphlet, which, though unconnected, and irregular in point of composition, and in some places exceptionable, every honest Briton ought to peruse with the most serious attention.

Art. 19. *A full and complete Answer to the Author of the Occasional Thoughts on the present German War, with a Reply to the Considerations on the same Subject.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Pridden.

If the arguments adduced by this writer tended only to establish or discuss points of mere speculation, we should smile at the dexterity with which he manages the weapons of sophistry and evasion: but when we consider that the scope of this performance is to puzzle and perplex weak understandings, and reconcile the nation to the intolerable burthens incurred by the expence of a German war, so repugnant to common reason, so foreign to the interest of Great Britain; we cannot help perusing it with some degree of indignation, as the work of an author, who writes (from what motives we know not) against the light of his own conviction.

We ought in justice, however, to observe, that he seems to have succeeded in proving that the author of the *Occasional Thoughts* has greatly exaggerated the charge of our connexions with the langdrave of Hesse.

Art. 20. *Second Thoughts on the German War: Or, A full and complete Answer to a late Pamphlet, entitled Occasional Thoughts on the present German War, by the Author of the Considerations on same Subject.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Burnet.

This is another answer to the *Occasional Thoughts*, in which, tho' the author differs from the foregoing in his opinion of a Spanish war and some other particulars, yet he strenuously concurs with him in his endeavours to make the good people of England believe that the German war was a necessary diversion, in favour of Great Britain, both with respect to her own safety, and her operations in America; in other words, to contradict their senses, and divest themselves of the privilege of human reason. These efforts put us in mind of the story told of three collegians, Tom, Dick, and Harry. The two first undertook to persuade the other out of his senses; and thus they executed their plan. They got into his apartment at midnight, when he was fast asleep, with a back-gammon table; and Harry was immediately waked by the noise of the boxes and dice. He heard his friends exclaiming in their turns, "Duce ace—cing trois—sises—quatre—I take you up—I enter on that point—five to three on the gammon—done, damme, &c." Harry, astonished at what he heard, withdrew the curtain, crying, "What the devil is the meaning of all this, my lads! playing at back-gammon in the dark!" "Dark! (replied Tom) is the fellow mad? don't you see the sun shining thro' the window?" "What is thy brain turn'd, Harry (said Dick)? Hast thou slept to so little purpose, as to wake at ten in the morning, and deny the day-light?" Poor Harry, who was naturally simple and unsuspicious, alarmed at these interrogations, began to rub his eyes, and at length called aloud in the utmost horror, "Lord have mercy upon me, I have lost my eye-sight!" His two friends pretended to examine his eyes in the dark, clapped on a bandage of black silk, and led him about like a blind beggar until their frolick was accomplished.

Art. 21. *A Letter from a Patriot in Retirement, to the Right Honourable Mr. William Pitt, upon resigning his Employment.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Vaillant.

Though this well-written panegyric on Mr. Pitt is, in our opinion, not free from marks of strong prejudice and misinformation, yet such prejudices and mistakes are incident to men of the greatest probity; and the encomiums in this letter seem to flow from a heart warmed with an enthusiastic love of patriot virtue.

Art.

Art. 22. *An impartial Inquiry into the Conduct of a late Minister.*
8vo. Pr. 1s. Davis.

A very superficial inquiry, replete with much virulence against the character of Mr. P——, which surely can never suffer from such feeble attacks, in the opinion of the discerning part of mankind.

Art. 23. *A Letter to the Right Honourable Grocer. To which is prefixed an Essay on the Origin of Pensions in England. Inscribed to a newly created Baroness. By a Liveryman and Grocer.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Pottinger.

Here is a good deal of sarcastic humour mingled with some shrewd remarks. His ironical arguments in favour of a German and a Spanish war, he concludes in these words :

‘ Let it be the business of other kingdoms to engage in wars from principles of sound policy and government ; but let it be our’s to proceed from no other motives but a real regard to the interest of our friends, and a generous inattention to our own.

‘ From this it must evidently appear, that the commencement of a Spanish war, and the continuation of a German one, are essentially necessary to the preservation of our national characteristics ; and that every real lover of his country should withdraw from any employment, in which he was not allowed to prosecute the one with spirit, and continue the other with vigour.’

Art. 24. *A seventh Letter to the People of England, occasioned by a late Resignation.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

The attention paid to certain inflammatory pamphlets under this title, during a disgraceful period of ad——n, hath encouraged other authors to hang out the same sign to the public. Of the Seventh Letter we may say in the words of Shakespear, “ Oldcastle died of a sweat ; but this is not the man.”

Instead of that cynical virulence which characterised the first Letters to the People of England, we here find a profusion of panegyric. Instead of reprobating all foreign connexions, we find this author strenuously recommending the prosecution of a German war : instead of stigmatizing the k—— of P—— as a common thief, he celebrates him as the greatest hero and the best man that ever existed : instead of reviling his cotemporary authors, we find him perfuming them by the lump, with the strongest incense of praise.

The scope of this letter is to glorify M. P——, justify the German war, recommend the conquest of Louisiana (which we

own, cannot be too much enforced) commence hostilities against Spain, and reject all terms of peace until the French are wholly excluded from the fishery of Newfoundland, and our German allies have received full satisfaction. Such is the design; the execution is a florid rhapsody inflated with bombast, abounding with inconsistency and misrepresentation.

Art. 25. *A full Vindication of the Right Honourable William Pitt and William Beckford, Esqrs. In Answer to a scurrilous Pamphlet, intituled, A Letter from a Right Honourable Person; and the Answer to it, translated into Verse. With Counter Notes Historical, Critical, Political, &c. In which every Argument of that boasted Performance is subverted, and the Conduct of those Gentlemen set in a true Light.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Pottinger.

Hæc memini, et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.

With respect to the drift of the sarcastic pamphlet, to which this is intended for an answer, we must join issue with our author. The versification abounded with strokes of rancorous malignity; we spoke of it as an extraordinary instance of the freedom of our constitution; but we apprehend that Mr. P--'s conduct wants not the justification of a writer, whose wit and argument consist wholly in abuse and scurrility.

Art. 26. *The Equilibrium: or, Balance of Opinions, on a late Resignation. By a Citizen of the World, residing in London.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.

This author hath found it difficult to hold the balance equal when the scales are empty.

Art. 27. *The Political Review. Containing an introductory Recapitulation of the public Transactions abroad, an Examination of the Propriety of renouncing Continental Connections; in the three Views of good Faith, of Honor, and of Policy. With some Remarks on the late Negotiation of Peace, and upon the present State of Things.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

Here we find recapitulated, in a stile and manner peculiar to this author, the chief arguments that have been used to prove the ruinous consequences of a German war, and a connexion with the king of P——a. It is much easier to point out the pernicious tendency of these engagements, than to devise means by which the nation may quit them with honour and good faith.

Art.

Art. 28. *The Case of the British Troops serving in Germany. Humbly submitted to the Consideration of Parliament. With occasional Remarks on the Fallacy of the French Historical Memorial.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Keasly.

With those arguments, which have been often repeated to prove the absurdity of a German war, this sensible and spirited author has mingled certain curious anecdotes relating to the conduct of our G——n g——l, which an honest Briton will not peruse without indignation.

Art. 29. *Sentiments relating to the late Negotiation.* 4to. Price 1s. 6d. Griffiths.

This author endeavours to prove, that a peace concluded on the terms lately offered by our ministry, would have been attended with many bad consequences; that the object of the present war, was the security of our American colonies; an end which would not have been answered by leaving the limits of Louisiana undetermined—he might have added, by leaving Louisiana itself in the hands of France. He likewise attempts to prove, that such a peace must have endangered Great Britain, as no security would have been given that the French troops should evacuate the Austrian Netherlands: that the affairs of the East Indies would have been left in such a doubtful situation, as would have furnished the French at any time, with a plausible pretence for recommencing the war; and that the practice of connecting the disputes of England and Germany, will always be an insurmountable objection to an advantageous peace with France. We are very sorry to find our author has but too much reason for what he has advanced in support of these allegations.

The appendix consists of a list of the French navy as it stood in the year 1755, of some authentic papers touching our American disputes with France, and of an estimate of the value of the imports, &c. of our sugar colonies.

On the whole, this piece seems to be written with accuracy and candour.

Art. 30. *The Coalition: or, an Historical Memorial of the Negotiation for Peace, between his High Mightiness of C—m—t and his Sublime Excellency of H—y—s. With the Vouchers. Published by Authority of one of the contracting Powers.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Hinxman.

We have not seen a more arch performance than this that lies before us, implying a severe satire on a late m——r, typified under

under the title of his Excellency of H—y—s, conveyed in an ironical negotiation, between him and the D— of N—, intituled, His High Mightiness of C—m—t. It is a close imitation of, or rather a parody, on the late historical memorial, published by the court of Versailles; and tho' we will not commend the author's candour, we cannot refuse our applause to his wit, humour, and vivacity.

Art. 31. *A Peep through the Key-Hole; or, The Secret History of Some People, and Some Things.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hall.

One sees at the first peep this is an allegorical satire on the manners, measures, and ministers of Great Britain. If the wit were as obvious as the truth it contains, we should recommend it to the encouragement of the public. When we say truth, we desire to except such parts of it as relate to a late m—r.

Art. 32. *A Sermon on the Origin of Faith. Preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Peter's, Oct. 28, 1761. By John Rotherham, M. A. Fellow of University College. Published at the Request of the Vice-Chancellor and Heads of Houses.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Sandby.

The piety, good sense, and pathetic eloquence of the clergy of the church of England, was never more conspicuous than at this period. We have frequently had occasion to mention discourses that reflect honour on the sacred function; and we may venture to recommend the sermon before us, as worthy the recommendation of the learned body before which it was delivered, and at whose request it was published.

Art. 33. *Almira. Being the History of a young Lady of good Birth and Fortune, but more distinguished Merit.* 2 Vols. Pr. 6s. Owen.

Almira is neither witty, handsome, nor engaging; but she is decent, and may pass in the crowd of general acquaintance.

Art. 34. *Memoirs of Mr. Charles Guildford. In a regular Series of Letters, wrote by Himself to a Friend. The Whole founded on real Facts.* 2 Vols. Pr. 6s. Withy.

Mr. Guildford's character and accomplishments entitle him to a partnership with the fair Almira. We wish them both a happy voyage down the gentle tide of oblivion.

Art.

Art. 35. *All in the Right : or, The Cuckold in good Earnest. A Farce, in Two Acts. As it was agreed to be acted at a certain Theatre.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.

There is a glimmering of spirit, a sketch of character, and a vein of humour in this little piece; but we must not look for decorum: and it is utterly destitute of moral, unless the virtuous age will adopt these as moral maxims; that vice and folly are the principal ingredients in human nature; that adultery in either sex is equally common, safe, and meritorious; and that, therefore, cuckoldom is no just cause of uneasiness and complaint.

Art. 36. *A Plan for the Extirpating the Venereal Disease: In a Letter from Mr. P—— to Lord B——.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Freeman.

It must be confessed that a vein of humour runs through this proposal, which we could wish had been more strictly confined within the bounds of delicacy.

Art. 37. *The Idler.* 2 Vols. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Newbery.

We are of the philosopher's opinion, that the author of these miscellaneous pieces was never less idle than when he was imparting them to his countrymen in weekly papers, under the appellation of the Idler. They possess a fund of strong reflection, fine imagery, and original sentiment; though we must confess the collection hath not the double property of exciting laughter, and inspiring wisdom, agreeable to the motto which the author hath unfortunately chosen. We perused the whole with satisfaction, without feeling one impulse to risibility. As the public hath long since stamped these papers with approbation, it would be unnecessary to extend our remarks.

Art. 38. *A Treatise of the Theory and Practice of Perspective. Wherein the Principles of that most useful Art, as laid down by Dr. Brook Taylor, are fully and clearly explained, by Means of moveable Schemes, properly adapted for that Purpose.* By Daniel Fournier, Drawing-Master, and Teacher of Perspective. 4to. Pr. 5s. Nourse.

The author of this performance appears to have sedulously applied to the laws of geometrical perspective, which he explains with great simplicity, and adapts to practice, and the capacity of students in drawing, who are not initiated in the mysteries of pure mathematics. The moveable schemes he hath introduced, are infinitely more easy and familiar to the untinctured

tured mind, than the ingenious doctor Taylor's diagrams on a plane, and the examples he hath exhibited of landscapes, and other objects put in perspective according to his rules, are extremely well imagined.

Art. 39. *Græcæ Grammatices Rudimenta ordine novo ac facillimo digesta: or, A New Greek Grammar, wherein the Declension of Nouns, and Conjugation of Verbs, are disposed in a new, easy, and distinct Method.* By Thomas Stackhouse, A. M. 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Dilly.

This performance may probably be adopted with success by the schools, as the author has borrowed freely whatever he found suited his purpose in preceding writers.

Art. 40. *An Address to the Victuallers of this Kingdom in general. To which is prefixed, a Poem upon Liberty.* By John Matthews. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Thrush.

It is matter of great consolation to find, that neither imprisonment nor indigence has been able to tame the patriot spirit, or impair the loyal zeal of John Matthews, now resident in the prison of the King's Bench. It is a common observation, that we never know the true value of any blessing until we are deprived of its comforts. Mr. Matthews, who now groans in captivity, is so animated with the love of liberty, as to think there is not a man who would not chuse to enjoy it even at the risque of losing his wife.

'Is there a man that would not risque his life,
His father, mother, fortune, nay his wife;
Would court a sickness, or a short-liv'd pain,
For his dear long-liv'd liberty to gain?'

There is something, however, in the climax, that we cannot approve, as he seems to rate the loss of his parents and his spouse, even lower in his consideration than a short-liv'd pain; unless, by this expression, he had nothing further in view, than an antithesis to long-liv'd liberty in the next line.

In the body of the work Mr. Matthews informs his brother-victuallers, that all their distresses flow from the brewer's short measure; and exhorts them to have recourse to the justice of the legislature, that this grievance may be removed. If such a remonstrance should take place, we hope it will meet with due regard, as we concur with our author in his maxims, that 'the world was made in number, weight, and measure; that measure will float a man up to the highest heavens; but a false balance will sink him to the deepest hell.'

Art.

- Art. 41. *Andromache to Pyrrhus. An Heroick Epistle.* 4to.
Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

Though a vein of tenderness runs through this poem, which is moreover adorned with some good lines, we cannot, upon the whole, pronounce it above mediocrity. Neither do we think the author has stuck to his own maxim, that in this kind of writing the improbable should be excluded. He forewarns us, indeed, in the advertisement prefixed, that Andromache was not actually in hell when she wrote this epistle, but she seems to have been at the last gasp.

‘I feel the hand—the icy grasp of death.’

Perhaps this was no more than a swoon from which she recovered. She might afterwards pen the epistle, to shew in what a quandary she had been, then make her will, and die quietly like a good Christian.

Devant Dieu soit son ame.

- Art. 42. *Fire: A Poem. Occasioned by the Devastations of that destructive Element; as they were found taking Place on the Property, and Manuscript Papers, of the Author.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Bird.

If any man has a right to sing *Invita Minerva*, surely it ought to be allowed this author, who, it seems, was unfortunately burnt out, by the carelessness of one John Thomas, a servant, in reading *Don Quixote* in bed, we suppose, by candle light. Poor Thomas suffered for his taste, and was consumed in the flames, together with the furniture and other effects of this elegiast, whose resignation and gratitude we cannot but commend. It is not, however, so clear to us, that the loss of his manuscript works was the heaviest article of the calamity. At least, we heartily join him in the following pious exclamation:

‘Blessed be the Lord, indifferent say,

Who gave, and who, but what he gave, hath tak’n away!’

- Art. 43. *The Quack-Iliad: or, Sick Lady and Quack-Doctor, an Allegorical Poetical Tale.* By Quartus Quintus Sixtus. 4to.
Pr. 6d. Pridden.

————— *ridiculum acri*

Fortius et melius magnas plerumque secat Res.

This waggish performance is a satire on the conduct of a m——r, whose name was lately a theme of praise for every tongue.

We cannot help being affected at such a remarkable instance of mutability in human affairs.

Art.

Art. 44. *A Tale. Canto the Second. By Giles Pouncit, Gent.*
4to. Pr. 6d. Davis.

We have at last found out the drift of this writer, which, it seems, was to explode the use of the heathen mythology in christian poems: but notwithstanding his facetious *prospects*, and continued endeavour to be diverting, humour, like a coy meteor, seems to recede as fast as he advances in the pursuit.

Art. 45. *The Muse's Advice. Addressed to the Poets of the Age. By W. Woty.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Flexney.

Here is good counsel gratis, which, we hope, will have an agreeable answerable to the humane intent of the author. Mr. Woty, though a member of the law, disdains to take a fee upon this occasion. Far from encouraging suits, he not only gives his advice freely, in favour of a compromise, but an agreeable treat into the bargain.

Art. 46. *A Poem. By J. H. A. B. formerly of Pembroke College, Oxon.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Lewis.

The pious intention of this writer obliges us to wish, that we could bestow our applause on his verses, of which the reader shall judge by a short specimen:

“O woful change! O dire catastrophe!
What hellish witchcraft has prevail’d o’er thee?
Thou god-like beam, thou breath of air divine,
What poison sullied thus thy illustrious *spring*?
Has *Satan’s* envy stol’n thy blissful rest,
And with serpentine venom scorch’d thy breast.
A murderer he when time its race began,
Ah! too successful murderer of man.
Restless his malice burns till we’re undone,
Effac’d *God’s* image and infus’d his own.
His own infus’d, our love to hatred turns,
And the fall’n creature its true glory scorns,
Loaths her best bliss, disdains her highest good,
And spurns the blessings of a bounteous *God*:
“Forsakes the spring where living waters roll’d,
For self-hewn cisterns which no water hold;”
Eternal truth, divine realities,
Barter’d and sold for vanity and lies.”

Such verses are really enough to make one loath the most wholesome precepts, and salutary doctrines.



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